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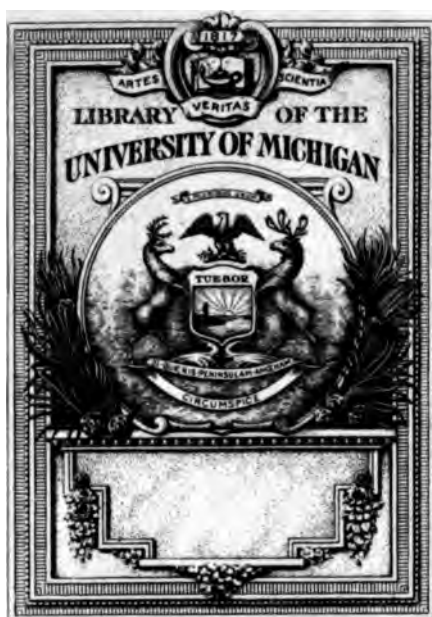
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OUR
COLONIAL
HOMES

SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE

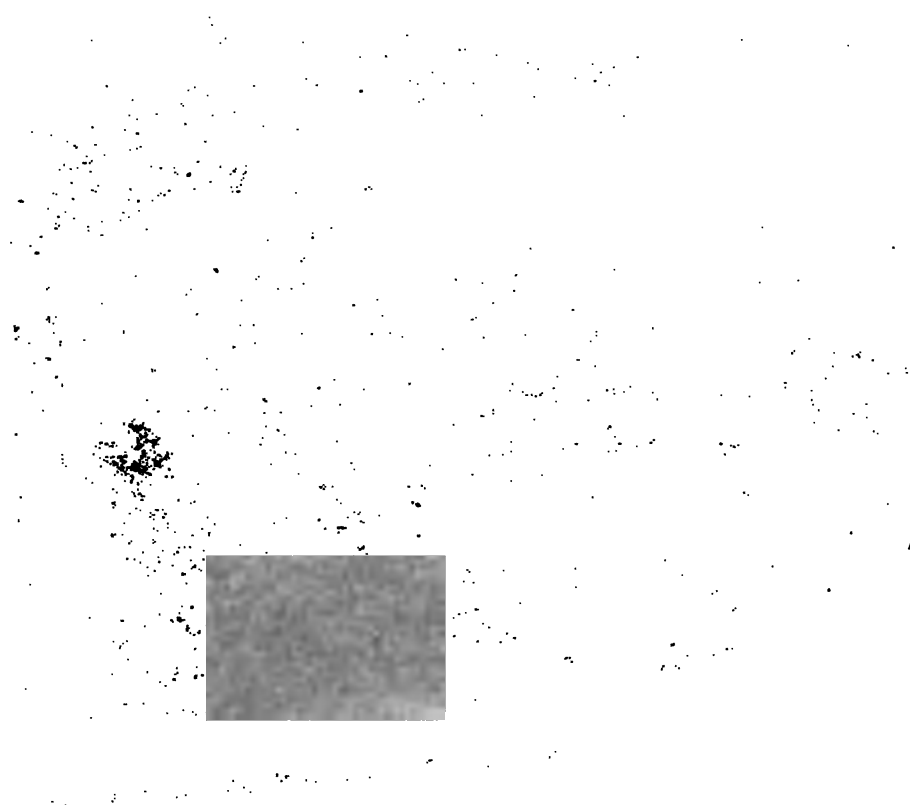




THE HANCOCK MANSION, BOSTON, MASS.



AMES



OUR COLONIAL HOMES

BY

SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE

AUTHOR OF "OLD LANDMARKS OF BOSTON" "BURGOYNE'S INVASION OF 1777" "THE TAKING
OF LOUISBURG" "THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG" ETC.

*"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses." - LONGFELLOW.*

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OUR COLONIAL HOMES



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PREFACE.

ONE end which I proposed to myself in this book, besides presenting house and home historically, was to gather up as many distinct types of the colonial architecture of New England as possible, from the rude farmhouse of the first settlers to the elegant mansion of a later generation, as it seems to me nothing could give half so clear a picture of a century and a half of colonial life. It was this idea alone which could give cohesion to a series of sketches having little connection in themselves, except as recording fragments of history that had become scattered with the lapse of time. Most of them were written some years ago for *Appleton's Journal*; but by the addition of several new subjects, besides re-writing the old ones, the collection bears out, I think, the idea conveyed by the title of OUR COLONIAL HOMES.

The selections are typical in another sense. I have considered each of these old houses as one of the bricks belonging to the American foundation. All have their interesting story, their admirable lesson, or patriotic inspiration. They are a legacy from the past, of which our generation is only the trustee. They are the parent hives, from which the outswarms have gone forth over the length and breadth of the land we love. I think myself that the New Englander has some good qualities, one among others being his veneration for the things that have a history or embody a sentiment, like the homes of his fathers.

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OUR COLONIAL HOMES

THE HANCOCK MANSION

By Mrs. J. W. H. H.

THE old Hancock mansion, a well-known landmark, has been accompanied by regret that it should have been preserved in its elegant simplicity. Nothing was more easy. The opportunity was indeed urged upon the State as one of the greatest of the time. The mansion were to be saved, and it was indeed the case, and it was indeed and strongly supported was to be kept open to the public, and it was indeed indifference by others, as a state of the people's mind, and it was indeed finally met defeat at the hands of the people, and it was indeed much on the score of the people's mind, and it was indeed

Could that house be restored to its original state, and it was indeed say that the vote which it received in the election was indeed overwhelmingly reversed. The house is indeed has been indeed a possible resurrection, and it was indeed the regret of the people.

After all time does long to recover. The old Hancock mansion, polite, learned, high in honor among the great nation, and it was indeed cock helped to found with a series of great events, and it was indeed caused to be erected at Chicago, and it was indeed a copy of the Hancock mansion, and it was indeed the expression not only of the people's mind, but of the world, and it was indeed history. When the citizens of the State of New York, and it was indeed

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OUR COLONIAL HOMES

THE HANCOCK MANSION

BOSTON, MASS.

THE old Hancock mansion is seldom mentioned nowadays unaccompanied by regrets that it could not have been preserved in all its elegant simplicity. Nothing was more easy. The opportunity was indeed urged upon the State as one not to be neglected, if the historic mansion were to be saved at all; but the appeal, though eloquently made, and strongly supported, was looked upon with suspicion by some, with indifference by others, as a waste of the people's money by more, and finally met defeat at the hands of its enemies in the legislature, not so much on the score of economy as of a short-sighted public policy.

Could that house be restored to-day, we think it is entirely safe to say that the vote which doomed it to irrevocable destruction would be overwhelmingly reversed. The house, however, has gone beyond a possible resurrection; the regrets we still have with us.

After all, time does bring its revenges. The Old Bay State, rich, polite, learned; high in honor among the great sisterhood John Hancock helped to found with a stroke of that intrepid pen of his, has just caused to be erected at Chicago, for the Columbian Exposition of 1893, a copy of the Hancock mansion, as near as may be to the original, as the expression not only of what she would hold highest before the world, but of what the world best knows and most prizes in her great history. When the citizen of Dakota or of Washington shall innocently

ask what has become of the original, that State pride, of which we possess our full share, must and will be heavily discounted.

There is still another phase to the matter. Our architects, those indefatigable purveyors to public caprice, after ransacking the whole earth, in search of novelty, wearied with turning all the old orders upside down and inside out, suddenly discovered that the colonial residences of their own country had some merit. Our renaissance has come in with the discovery. Old colonial is at present the only proper style for a country house ; old colonial is the vogue for household furnishings, and we know not what else. To go through our suburban villages or seaside resorts, one would really imagine that old colonial was something new, or at least a fetich before which our national pride loves to prostrate itself. Let us not deceive ourselves. Reverence for the shadow is in this case a vicarious atonement for our sins against the substance. To use a popular phrase — a vile phrase indeed — there is money in it.

But we may not longer indulge in vain regrets. We can only lift a warning finger to those esthetic souls whom the sight of one of these old landmarks so grievously offends, and who are ever crying out, in season and out of season, *écrasons l'infame*.

Thomas Hancock, the builder of the mansion in question, commenced life as a stationer's apprentice in King, now State, Street, and ended the richest man in Boston. From selling goose-quills and cartridge-paper in a stuffy little shop, behind a counter, he boldly struck out into the broader field for which he was so eminently fitted, and in no long time had built up the great fortune without which it is more than doubtful if his needy young kinsman would either have become very rich or greatly renowned. Midas-like, everything he touched turned to gold with such rapidity that it was currently reported, and actually believed by the common people, that he had bought for a song an enormously valuable diamond which he afterwards sold for a great price. Hutchinson, who did not like John Hancock any too well, accounts for the uncle's rise to wealth in a very different way. He says the secret lay in importing from St. Eustatia great quantities of tea in

molasses hogsheads, which sold at a very great advance; and that by importing, at the same time, a few chests from England, the rest was freed from suspicion, and Hancock's reputation as a fair trader did not suffer thereby. Be that as it may, Hancock only toiled and schemed to pile up wealth for others to spend, and spend it they did.

There is now lying before me, yellow with age, an advertisement cut from an old newspaper, which runs as follows: "Excellent good Bohea Tea, imported in the last ship from London: sold by Tho. Hancock. N.B. If it don't suit the ladies' taste, they may return the tea and receive their money again." Nothing, it seems to us, could be fairer. Yet, only a very few years later, the Boston "ladies" were signing a pledge not to drink the detested herb; John Hancock was offering one of his uncle's ships to carry a cargo of it back to England in; and, in short, tea had really become such a drug in the market that it was being thrown overboard to the fishes.

When Thomas Hancock, the rich merchant, built this house, in 1737, all the near neighborhood was a waste place covered with scrubby bushes, like any other rough pasture ground; all the broad green slope running off in front of it a common grazing-field, into which the town's cows were regularly driven every day of the week. This was that lesser Boston, at which modern estheticism now turns up its super-sensitive nose. This was Beacon Hill. Most emphatically Beacon Hill, a name derived from the old signal mast and crate that stood here, was one of the high places of the town. So long as the great field, spreading out beneath it, should remain a common, nothing was ever likely to obstruct the view; and as it originally had been set apart for this use forever, the old merchant's mind was in all likelihood quite at rest on that score.

From the time their fathers had first landed at Shawmut, this breezy hill-top had been a lookout. Ever since then the people of Boston have been in the habit of climbing it for the sake of the enrapturing view it unfolds, though they must now toil up the crooked stairway leading to the cupola of the State House, instead of leisurely following the windings of the old paths. The ground then finely overlooked all Boston,

all its spacious harbor, all its islands, far out into the sparkling sea. At its highest point, which rose a little behind the house, the view swept grandly over all the country round the north side of the town, and out among many "tall spires and smoking villages remote."

Thomas Hancock may well have struck his gold-headed cane upon the ground, as filled with the delights of this lovely panorama he resolved within himself to build him a house of stone, here on this secluded spot, quite removed from the stir and bustle of the town. No sooner said than begun. His fellow-citizens marvelled not a little how he could ever have chosen such an out-of-the-way site as this for his future residence. It was like going out of the world — the fashionable world, of course.

While learning the stationer's trade, Thomas Hancock had also learned to love the stationer's daughter, Lydia Henchman. Like everything else he touched, his suit prospered, and he married her. There is every reason to believe that the match was a happy one. Her niece, who was in a position to know whereof she spoke, pronounced Madam Hancock as ladylike a person as ever lived; and that is by no means faint praise from a woman who had moved in the very best circles of both the Puritan and Quaker capitals.

The house was built. In four words we have said it; yet such houses are not now built in a day, even when materials are so easily transported from a distance, and so quickly hoisted up into position, and this one was long in building. All that a full purse could do or good taste suggest was, however, lavished on the construction. The work was thoroughly done, as all such work was in those days, and when completed looked as if meant to last till doomsday. At the great fire in Boston of 1872 it was remarked that the oldest buildings withstood the flames longest; this one withstood the attacks of an army of laborers, like a fortress, yielding itself only stone by stone, and after a long siege.

Behold, then, the actual founders of the Boston branch of the Hancock family duly installed in their new home, from which, in a

double sense, they could look down upon all the rest of the admiring town.

It was a grand old house, even when hemmed in by modern buildings, imposing only by their height, and the breadth of their polished door-plates, and surely must have been little short of a wonder when it was a new and fresh-looking one. Fifty-six feet front is not often seen among the residences that crowd each other on our fashionable thoroughfares to-day. Then the grounds, beautifully laid out in walks and terraces, reached all the way from Mount Vernon to Joy Street. This merchant wanted elbow-room, and would have it; breathing-space, with light, air, and sunshine all around him, and plenty of it. The house either began or closely followed upon the era of better building. Even when mellow with age, its gray walls of rough-dressed granite were a most picturesque object. Every passing pedestrian mechanically slackened his pace to look at it. In every one it aroused some new train of thought. It taught history; it awakened patriotic aspirations; it stimulated honest endeavor; it lent an indefinable charm to the neighborhood; it fitted admirably into its semi-rural surroundings. Indeed, it was a charming old house—such a one as one's fancy delights to run riot in, and one's actual body aches to get into. So at least I often thought when I passed it on my way to school. To me it had an atmosphere all its own. It fairly radiated luxury. Pull down that house! I would as soon have thought of their chopping down the Old Elm, or blowing up Bunker Hill Monument.

Thomas Hancock had taken into his counting-house on the Dock a nephew, John, whom he designed making a merchant of like himself. Being himself childless, I think he must have looked forward to perpetuating the house of Hancock in this way. It happened that the house on the hill was built the very year John Hancock was born. He grew up a high-spirited, impulsive, and strikingly good-looking young man, who, though only the son of a poor country clergyman, soon showed a ready aptitude for the career his uncle had chosen for him. Men said that he was cut out for a merchant. At any rate,

from the day that his uncle adopted him, after his own father's early death, the gossiping world knew that John Hancock's fortune was made. His uncle sent him to Harvard, sent him abroad to polish off his provincial manners, inducted him into all the mysteries of business, and, in short, set the lucky youngster's foot firmly upon the rounds of the ladder to fame and fortune.

It was therefore here that John Hancock first displayed that ample autograph, since so much admired, which to a reader of character in handwriting shows about equal parts of vanity, decision, and confidence in himself. He was a much prouder man, I doubt not, when he first signed the name of Thomas Hancock and Company, than when signing the Declaration of Independence.

Though already the richest man in the province, Thomas Hancock's wealth continued to roll up, snowball like, during the war for the subjugation of Canada, from which as banker and factor for the royal forces he reaped a rich harvest; and just as that war ended he died, leaving his nephew John his principal heir, as well as the inheritor of his extensive business.

To the imagination of the people of that day the inheritance was something immense. Probably it was somewhat exaggerated. Still, for some time it continued to be the chief topic of conversation in the street, in the counting-house, and by the fireside, all the more because the few really great fortunes then held in the Province could be counted on one's fingers; and next to counting one's own money, counting that of your neighbors is a most fascinating employment.

Thomas Hancock, peace to his ashes! was not one of the sort of men who never leave a penny out of the family. If not generous by nature, he was at least endowed with a little public spirit. The world had made him; the world should be a little better off for what it had done for him. He did something that no one had done before him. By the gift of a thousand pounds he became the first native of New England to found a professorship at Harvard University — that of Hebrew and the Oriental tongues. So, too, when Harvard Hall was burnt in 1764,

the great merchant had expressed his intention of subscribing five hundred pounds toward furnishing a new library and philosophical apparatus, in room of that destroyed ; but death cut him off from the fulfilment of that purpose. His nephew, however, very honorably carried out his uncle's wishes in this respect, as well he might, considering how little that item would have subtracted from the total footing of seventy-five thousand pounds, clean money, in the late merchant's inventory.

From this day forth (he was only twenty-seven), John Hancock became a public character ; and though he began so low down the ladder as selectman of the town, he lived to be president of the first congress of the Thirteen Colonies, or, as one might say, selectman of the nation. If there is to be found anywhere an instance of a more rapid rise to fame and fortune, I have not yet met with it.

Of the *habitués* of the mansion in Thomas Hancock's time we know little. There were then no society journals, and it is not our trade to draw upon the imagination in matters of this kind. It would be entirely safe, however, to say that every personage of note who visited Boston hastened to put his legs under Thomas Hancock's mahogany. From the day it was first thrown open, the corner-stone of the mansion was hospitality. We know that Generals Amherst, Moncton, and Lawrence, besides many others of lesser note, were entertained there. We have looked over the monthly butcher's bill ; and we have imbibed a very distinct notion therefrom that there were some rousing dinners given in that house, and much heady arrack-punch drank on such occasions as the King's birthday, for instance. What would we not give to have witnessed the stately formality with which the Honorable So and So bowed himself into the drawing-room, where the owners of the best names in the town were assembling, one by one, or to have seen the antique courtesy with which Madam Hancock received him ? There was a liveried black servant to take his three-cornered hat and gold-headed cane ; another to ladle him out a generous bumper of cool punch. Then there was the host, beaming with punch and good-humor, to offer his own snuff-box, well filled with fragrant rappee of his own importa-

tion. As dinner was announced, all the company filed out into the spacious dining-hall, now blazing with lights, and hung round with rare old paintings. A rattle of chairs, and the guests were seated. Then began the feast. When the master of the house, his face red with punch and emotion, got up to propose the one toast sacred to all loyal Britons the world over (prefaced by "Fill your glasses; bumpers, gentlemen, bumpers!"), which word of command instantly brought every guest to his feet, and every eye upon the speaker, "I give you his Majesty the King, God bless him!" what a clatter of glasses went round that board, and what a dimness was in the eyes of our honest Thomas when the company sat down again!

There was such a thing as ripe old Madeira in those days; and there was such a thing as the gout.

And to think that foremost among them all, was that young man, whom but a little later on King George would so gladly have seen hanged, at government expense, if he could have caught him!

After the founder of the family had been laid away in the family tomb, with all the ceremonious pomp demanded by custom, his illustrious nephew stepped into his shoes, so to speak, with an assured tread. He not only preserved, but so enlarged, the old hospitable traditions of the mansion, that in no long time he had won the fleeting distinction of being the most popular man in the Province; and what is more, his popularity continued undiminished down to the last hours of an eventful life.

This assured popularity was by no means confined to the male portion of the community. So long as the great mansion lacked a mistress, its incompleteness was sure to be the subject of deep and heartfelt concern to all the scheming mammas of the Puritan capital. It was frightful to think of this poor, rich young man living all alone in that great, splendid mansion with nobody but an elderly aunt, in widow's weeds and high caps, to pour out his tea for him, or comfort his declining years. Certain of the Boston belles — and there were some bewitching ones, let me tell you — may have shared this opinion. It was a great catch! To be thus insensible was worse than a fault, it was a crime.

Great, therefore, is the pity that we should know no more than we do about John Hancock's love story: we only know the sequel. At thirty-seven he was still unmarried, and at thirty-seven one's youthful illusions are apt to have been more or less rudely dissipated. We will simply tell what we know, leaving the impartial reader to draw his own inferences.

It seems that among all the rest, or perhaps before the rest, Madam Hancock had picked out a partner for her nephew. This was no other than Mistress Dolly Quincy, of whom the widow had made a sort of *protégée* since the death of that young lady's mother. Of course Hancock and Miss Dolly were no strangers to one another. Their families were related, and hers was every bit as good as his. Without doubt the lady was a frequent guest at the mansion. She was by all report most attractive in person and captivating in manners, *un peu coquette* perhaps, yet no more so than was thought permissible in the fine ladies of the period. It is grievous, however, to have to believe that they flirted most abominably with the young British officers, who, since they could not conquer the men, gladly turned to the more congenial employment of vanquishing the women. If this sort of warfare did not tend greatly to embitter the political situation, why do we find John Hancock so vehemently asking in his famous address on the Massacre, delivered a full year before his marriage: —

“Did not our youth forget they were Americans, and regardless of the admonitions of the wise and aged servilely copy from their tyrants those vices which must finally overthrow the empire of Great Britain?” and then instantly declaring with a well-feigned sorrow, “And must I be compelled to acknowledge that even the noblest, fairest part of all the lower creation did not entirely escape the cursed snare.” We are at least permitted to draw our own conclusions.

A man who suffered tortures from the gout before he was forty must have been a pretty high liver even for those days. Doubtless this was one cause of Hancock's irritable temper.

Mistress Dorothy Quincy, better known to the present generation as

Dorothy Q — , was the granddaughter of Judge Edmund Quincy of Braintree, Mass., and the daughter of his son of the same name. Both her aunt and grandmother were called Dorothy, so that the name was a sort of inheritance on the female side. From this aunt, who married Edward Jackson, many eminent men of that name are descended, besides the poet, O. W. Holmes, and John Lowell, the founder of that peculiarly Boston institution, the Lowell Institute.

During ten years the mansion had been the resort of fashionable Boston. Though plain, its interior was elegant. The old merchant's taste had run to things rather solid than showy, but his successor had transformed the house into a veritable palace of luxury, over which he presided with a courtliness of manner, an urbanity long remembered, but now, alas! fast becoming one of the lost arts. He gave capital dinners, he dressed superbly, his wines were the despair of all the epicures of the town.

These were the days of bachelorhood, yet not of repose. Dark clouds were gathering all along the horizon. We may not know what dreams of domestic happiness had come to the envied master of the mansion before the evil days befell it and him, and they were now close at hand. Whatever they were, the awakening was rude indeed.

The trumpet's martial sound had called John Hancock to confront his destiny. There was no escaping that call. From politician, Hancock had gradually advanced to patriot and rebel, without which there would have been no such summons for him. The call was peremptory, imperious, startling. He could not have helped seeing the hated red-coats pitch their first camp down there on the Common at his feet, or shut his eyes to its meaning. With the dawn, their bugles rang out the rule of the bayonet; and you can do anything with that sharp instrument, says the proverb, except sit on it. At all hours of the day his ears tingled with the din of the fifes and drums of eleven British regiments. His hot blood boiled at the mocking taunts of the beardless subalterns. He saw himself at last forced to choose between King and country, freedom or despotism, and to choose quickly. And for him the

decision involved a sacrifice such as no other man in the Province, high or low, had been called upon to make — no, not one. Let us not forget that.

We know that a very large proportion of the well-to-do merchants of Hancock's day were out-and-out Tories. These were the loyal Faneuils, Vassalls, Olivers, Royalls, Pepperells, etc. Even some families were divided politically. A moment's reflection, therefore, shows us how deeply society in the Puritan capital must have felt the shock of such a political and social upheaval. At Tory tables the officers of the army and navy were constantly entertained, the King's health regularly drank, the rebels as regularly consigned to everlasting perdition. At houses like Hancock's the company wore anxious faces, toasts were drank in silence, and all the talk was carried on in undertones.

Hancock has been called vain and vacillating. That is probably true enough. The Royalists believed, or pretended to believe, that Sam Adams led Hancock about by the nose. They even went so far as to nickname him Johnny Dupe. All know the story told by Dr. Waterhouse, that as the two Adamses, John and Samuel, were one day taking a stroll together on the Common, when they had come opposite to the Hancock mansion, Samuel said to John, "I have done a very good thing for our cause in the course of the past week, by enlisting the master of that house into it. He is well disposed, and has great riches, and we can give him consequence to enjoy them." This same idea was probably echoed in the popular saying that Sam Adams did the writing, and John Hancock paid the postage. Our own opinion is that there is far more pungency than truth in that saying.

John Hancock's choice was for him nothing less than a sentence of banishment. Arch-traitor, vile conspirator, rebel, were the mildest epithets commonly applied to him. King Hancock was derisively added. The house on the hill was shut up; its owner became a proscribed traitor and fugitive. We next find him presiding over the

fateful deliberations of the Provincial Congress, with all the dignity and firmness which the gravity of the situation demanded. The country was arming. Day by day the tension was growing more and more unendurable. Something must give way.

"The first drop of blood may be considered as the signal of civil war," said Edward Gibbon. This sinister prediction was to be verified only too soon. On the very night before the battle of Lexington, Hancock had come down there with Adams to snatch a little alleviation from the work and worry of official duties. The two patriots alighted together at the now historic parsonage. Two anxious women were waiting to throw themselves into Hancock's arms. One was his aunt, Lydia; the other — tell it not — his betrothed wife, Miss Dorothy Quincy.

The storm burst upon them while they were asleep in their beds. At midnight Revere rode up to the door with his horse dripping with foam. Then came the horrid clang of the church bell, summoning the minute-men to arms. No more sleep that night.

It needs no seer to tell us of the pale and haggard faces in the parsonage when the daylight stole in, as into a death chamber; of the stern and impassable Adams, or the nervous, impulsive Hancock. Were ever two men so differently constituted, so linked together in a common destiny! Hancock nervously trying the lock of his musket, Adams standing with folded arms calmly waiting for the hour of destiny to strike. They heard a confused murmur of voices, like the gust preceding the storm; then a ringing word of command, and then a rattling volley followed by a few scattering shots. Then there rose a loud huzza of triumph, followed by the silence of death. It was all over. The first blood had been shed.

Hancock, we are told, would have rushed off into the thickest of the fight, had not the two frightened and hysterical women clung to him so tenaciously that he was unable to free himself from their grasp.

After the first fright had a little subsided, Mistress Quincy impulsively declared her purpose of going back to her father in Boston at

once. At this announcement Hancock flared up. "No, madam," said he, "you shall not return as long as there is a British bayonet left in Boston." "*Shall not*, indeed!" cried Mistress Dolly. "Recollect, Mr. Hancock, I am not under your control yet; and I *shall* go in to my father to-morrow." She afterwards very frankly said that at that moment she should have been only too glad to get rid of him.

We have accepted the story, literally, as a somewhat curious indication of how people who have been wrought up to the highest pitch sometimes relieve the tension they can no longer bear. A lovers' quarrel as the sequel to the slaughter that had just taken place is a strange anti-climax, to our way of thinking.

Failing to lay hands upon its master, the King's soldiers proceeded to vent their senseless spite upon the deserted mansion. They hacked and hewed the fences, broke the windows, spoiled the shrubbery, without let or hindrance, until General Gage sent Lord Percy to occupy it as his headquarters. From this time until the evacuation of the town in March, 1776, the house was appropriated to the use first, of Percy, then of Clinton, and lastly of the gourmand, General Grant. It was, certainly, one means of protection, if not precisely what the owner himself would have preferred. His trusty agent, Isaac Cazneau, however, had taken the precaution to put some of the best furniture, with the most costly china and glassware, under lock and key. When Clinton came into possession he demanded the key of this strong chamber on the pretence of searching it for seditious papers. Having received it from the reluctant major-domo, Clinton drew these treasures from their hiding-place, gave Cazneau a scolding for his pains, and dismissed him with a curt good-morning.

One peculiar feature of all of these old houses was the secret hiding places with which they were furnished, known perhaps only to the person who had caused their construction. The Hancock House was no exception. Not many years before it was torn down, the family were one day at dinner, when suddenly the panel of a closet fell in, disclosing a receptacle hitherto unknown and unsuspected. The

secret, therefore, must have been well kept. The place was empty, but was probably once used by Hancock to secrete his valuables in, and the knowledge of it had died with him.

Save that the fences of the neighboring pasture, where the State House now stands, were carried off by the red-coats for fuel, as legitimate spoils of war, and the turning of the carriage-house, at the west side, into a hospital, after Bunker Hill battle, the house suffered little at the hands of the soldiery. Doubtless many a poor joke was cracked at Hancock's expense, at his own table, over his own wine, so long as the cellar held out; but at last there came a day when peremptory notice to quit was served on all the scarlet-coated gentry from George Washington's rebel cannon. They had promised to make Hancock dance upon nothing, and Washington now furnished them with the music.

It was at this time, when propositions for burning the town, or carrying it by assault, were being anxiously discussed at the patriot headquarters, and when Hancock was presiding over the deliberations of the Congress at Philadelphia, that he wrote the commander-in-chief, "I pray God to crown your assault with success, though I may be the greatest sufferer." He had already said the same thing more than once.

During this eventful year one never-failing solace came to light up the proscribed patriot's solitary pathway. In the early autumn of 1775 he was united in marriage to his lady-love, Dorothy Quincy. The ceremony took place at the house of Thaddeus Burr, at Fairfield, Connecticut, the Reverend Mr. Eliot officiating.

From some old letters of hers written to her father, who had gone to live at Lancaster, Mass., pending the troubles, we learn that Mrs. Hancock was kept busy in directing commissions, in trimming off with her scissors the rough edges of the coarse Continental notes, and in packing them up to be sent off to the army. Thus the honeymoon was passed. Philadelphia she did not like. During the spring of 1776 the happy couple boarded with a Mrs. Yard, whose charges

were at the very moderate rate of £3 a week, firewood and candles extra as in Europe.

Of Hancock's record as president of Congress, we need say no more here than that he never shirked the responsibility of his office, let the danger to him personally be what it might. He had much of the Jacksonian fearlessness in his composition. With Adams he had been raised to the perilous dignity of a proscribed man. The temper of Congress may be judged by the remark made by Benjamin Harrison, when almost carrying Hancock to the chair. Said he, "We will show Britain how much we value her proscription."

Once more installed on his own hearthstone, after an absence of two and a half years, Hancock found abundant occupation in putting his house in order, in gathering up the loose ends of his long-neglected private affairs, and in receiving congratulatory visits, or ceremonious calls, or in entertaining the numerous civil and military personages who for the time being found themselves in Boston. During the five years next following Hancock's return from Philadelphia, dukes, counts, and marquises were no unfrequent guests at the mansion; for Boston, being the only port of consequence not in the enemy's hands, became the rendezvous for the French squadrons from time to time. When Admiral D'Estaing was in this harbor, as many as forty of his officers dined every day at the Hancocks' table.

In all the hospitalities of the house, Madam Hancock bore her full portion, and bore it well. Though not a highly-educated woman, she had her full share of mother wit, which made her a charming and vivacious companion, especially to gentlemen. And notwithstanding the almost unbearable conduct she sometimes experienced from the governor, who was as autocratic in his own house as the czar in his palace, she used so much tact as really to manage him. I had it from excellent authority that the governor once brutally beat a domestic for bringing him some refreshments in a china instead of a pewter dish. As the governor died without making a will, there was, of course, no provision for the widow, except what the law gave her.

That event, therefore, wrought a marked change in her worldly condition, though it does not appear to have quenched her exuberant spirits. She married again. This husband, Captain Scott, a splendid seaman, who had sailed some of Hancock's ships, also left her a widow, with only a moderate income, — certainly a great change for one accustomed to everything wealth could give.

John Hancock was only fifty-six when he died. At fifty he was already an old man, so debilitated by frequent attacks of the gout as to have to be carried about by his servants when the performance of some public duty made his presence imperative. Such appearances then assumed a truly dramatic character. The Hancocks do not seem to have been a long-lived family. John's uncle, Thomas, was under sixty when he died. Notwithstanding the many honors he had received, there is something saddening in this brief retrospect of Hancock's life. It almost seems as if the cup of gratified ambition was ever being dashed from his lips. Burke's wise saying that one might as well expect to be happy without virtue as without health seems exactly to fit the case. Well, the old house was pulled down. Peace to its ashes! Our streets bristle with monuments to this or that celebrity. But where, oh, where, is the monument to John Hancock? Echo answers, where?

Madam Hancock, on the contrary, lived to a good old age. To the day of her death she was as scrupulously attentive to her personal appearance as when she was a reigning belle in the first circles of fashion. It was a maxim with her that one owed it to one's self to look as well as one could, or as she herself put it, "She would never forgive a young girl who did not dress to please, nor one who seemed pleased with her dress." If the woman of the world spoke out here, we are no longer at a loss to know how she came to play her *rôle* of the first lady of the Commonwealth to such perfection.

THE HOME OF PAUL REVERE

BOSTON, MASS.

No city of America has preserved its antiquities with greater veneration than has Boston, and no other American city is so rich in memorials of the successive steps by which we rose to be a great nation. (True, we may not be able to say this of Boston much longer, but let us say it, at least, while we can.) The shout of thanksgiving which went up when at last, after its terrible baptism of fire, the Old South stood scathless, was echoed all over the land; and even a faint cheer was heard from the scarce-rebuilt homes of those who, not long before, sought our destruction sword in hand.

There is then something which unites the sentimental to the practical part of us, like the soul to the body. There is then something in the aspect of exterior objects which arouses the imagination, as nothing else can. With the aid of this mysterious conductor we swiftly traverse all the labyrinths of the past. By its quickening power, the dumb speak, the dead are brought to life. Let him who is without imagination cast the first stone.

Macaulay has said, prophetically and wisely, that "a people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors, will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants." I confess that I am much of that man's mind. It is true that we have pride enough, and to spare; but are we not something deficient in that practical wisdom so necessary to its efficiency, and which so often comes too late? It is true that we cannot stay the march of improvement, that ruthless juggernaut of our times; but we can at least ransom our most precious treasures out of the spoiler's hands; we can fight money with money.

Every great city is an example of that unaccountable shifting about of the population, by which what perhaps was once its most fashionable quarter has been finally consigned to the sons of poverty and toil. In Boston, thanks to this poverty, we have yet something to show the stranger far better and more interesting than the splendid structures common to all American cities. Let us first walk that way.

That part of the old city, spreading out on the north of New Washington Street, has undergone little change in the last forty or fifty years. It has of course grown older, but it is at least so far recognizable as to be about the only section in which men now past middle age feel quite at home. Here are all the old names, some of the old shops, and many of the old houses. Now and then one has been burned down. Here and there a new one has gone up ; yet to all intents the Old North End looks much as it did when some of the best families were still living there, and when what was more truly the Back Bay then, than now, was known as a place where minnows were caught in summer, and smelts in winter. But first fashion forsook it ; then progress turned its relentless back ; so that at length it has mostly been given up to the under-stratum of society, who, we are forced to admit, must live somewhere.

What would probably surprise the stranger most of all, would be to tell him that the cheap tenement-houses, now swarming with occupants, could ever have held up their heads among the most aristocratic residences of the city or town. It is by far the most impressive lesson in material evolution he could have. It is the outgrown garment ; it is the poor relation upon whom the rich man now turns his back.

Say that we have by chance directed our steps toward North Square. In these narrow streets where the taller houses seem in great danger of knocking their heads together, and across which neighbors could gossip quite at their ease, a square is no more what its name implies than a napkin is a tablecloth. In all the older parts of Boston it is a diminutive space, either round, oval, or three-cornered, but seldom

square. Here it is three-cornered. As little breathing-places, they could never serve a better purpose than they do in this overcrowded section of an overcrowded city, where pure air is indeed a luxury. Pah! the atmosphere is actually thick with the vile odors of garlic and onions — of macaroni and lazzaroni. The dirty tenements swarm with greasy, voluble Italians, and bear such signs as *Banca Italiana*, *Grocery Italiana*, *Hotel Italiana*, constantly repeated from door to door. One can scarce hear the sound of his own English mother-tongue from one end of the square to the other; and finally (can we believe the evidence of our own eyes?), here is good Father Taylor's old brick Bethel turned into a Catholic chapel! What would Father Taylor have said to that? Shade of Cotton Mather! has it come to this, that a mass-house should stand within the very pale of the thrice consecrated old Puritan sanctuary?

How those old fellows would have stared, to be sure, to hear of a Boston with an Italian quarter, a Chinese quarter, a Negro quarter, etc.! Is this that greater Boston we are now hearing so much about? Let us rather talk a little about that lesser Boston, that was, we engage, a pretty good place to live in, after all.

One group of crazy old tenements, fit habitation for owls or bats, but scarcely for human beings, long stood at the narrow entrance to the Square. Before the foreign invasion took place, an air of unspeakable loneliness pervaded the irregular space shut in by walls converging to the narrow opening. The tide of travel flowed by it along North Street on one side, and along Hanover Street on the other. Now and then an unfrequent pedestrian, or more unfrequent vehicle, would drift out of the current, up the little ascent and into the Square, as waifs in an eddy. For all the evidence of city life or bustle, it might have been a lost locality.

What we now call North Street, was long ago named Anne, for good Queen Anne, daughter of that bad King James. Its course lay along the wharves; its inhabitants lived by the shipping. In course of time it became a sort of Wapping, where vice of every sort ran riot, and into

which it was hardly safe to venture after dark. About every other house was either a dram-shop or a brothel. Some short-sighted moralists thought the evil could be cured by a simple change of name. So from Anne it became North. It was not, however, until the occupation of a portion of the street for business purposes, that its character was, to some extent, retrieved by rooting out the vile dens that had so long flourished at the expense of Poor Jack.

But prior to that time there were few situations in all Boston more desirable than North Square. And in the fulness of its historic associations, it is unsurpassed by any other locality we can now call to mind. One might easily have believed it a bit carved out of London, so like was the neighborhood in the names of its streets, in the quaint, oddly-constructed shops and warehouses, and even in the signs that creaked above the tavern doors. There was the King's Head in Fleet Street, borrowed from its famed progenitor in Chancery Lane, in which Cowley was born, Titus Oates's conspirators assembled, and where the pope-day exhibitions originated. There were the Red Lyon dating back to 1676, and the King's Arms, in Fish Street; and, somewhat later, the sign of David Porter, father of the hero of 1812, and grandfather of the late admiral, made its bow, so to speak, to the public in the same thoroughfare.

The old building seen in the illustration is one of the very few remaining examples of the quaint overhanging upper stories once so common in Boston. It is believed to have been erected not long after the destructive fire of 1676. In the year 1735, of our present style, a matron at the North End of Boston made a New Year's present to her husband of a boy, subsequently christened Paul Revere. This is the house in which Paul Revere lived both before and during the Revolution; the same Revere whose daring midnight ride to Lexington Longfellow's stirring poem has rendered so famous. In this house Revere profitably carried on his trade of a silversmith, now and then turning his hand to engraving on copper, and even to dentistry when he could get a customer. Among the works he engraved we might

mention the so-called Bloody Massacre in King Street, in which, as a piece of realism wholly original, a dog stands unconcernedly looking on, in the foreground, while the murderous volley is being fired off immediately over his head.

From this house Revere showed his home-made transparencies on the next anniversary of this shocking event, one of which exhibited



PAUL REVERE'S HOME.

the ghost of a victim to British bullets vainly trying to staunch with his fingers the flow of blood from a gaping wound in his side. Such exhibitions then had a prodigious effect upon the minds of the populace, and Revere must already be recognized as a power in moulding popular opinion. Perhaps his Huguenot blood flowed faster than that of his more phlegmatic neighbors, and very possibly he was quicker to see the shadow of coming events. In everything requiring spirit, decision, and pluck, Revere had a helping hand, not indeed as a leader, but as a trusted lieutenant of the leaders.

It was from this house, as we have said, that Paul Revere, booted and spurred for the road, started off for his memorable ride to Lexington on the evening of April 18, 1775. His graphic, yet simple, account of it lay imbedded in the pages of a work known to but few, even in his day, until at length it fell under the eye of Mr. Longfellow. From that moment Revere's reputation was made. Yet it is doubtful if he himself thought he had done anything so very remarkable. The poet—such is fame!—has placed Revere in a niche higher than he could ever have dreamed of occupying—higher, indeed, than many whose deserts were far greater than his.

At the time that Revere lived here, the Square could boast two of the best private mansions in the town, besides the Second Church, which General Howe wickedly caused to be pulled down during the siege to make firewood of for his soldiers. All the Mathers, so celebrated in the ecclesiastical history of New England, except Richard, who settled at Dorchester, preached there. And from that pulpit emanated most of the sermons by which Cotton Mather's complete ascendancy over all of his contemporaries, both as preacher and writer, was so fully established.

Of the two mansions referred to, the first was that of Sir Charles Henry Frankland, bart., whose miraculous rescue from the great earthquake at Lisbon, in Portugal, is perhaps familiar to the reader through the poem of Holmes, or the memoir by Nason. The whole career of this gallant wooer, careless official, but noble gentleman, is extremely romantic : —

“'Tis like some poet's pictured trance
His idle rhymes recite,
This old New-England-born romance
Of Agnes and the knight.”

If you have read the poem or the biography you know the sequel : how Sir Harry married the lowly Marblehead girl, and rescued her as she had rescued him.

We pass on to his next neighbor, Governor Thomas Hutchinson,

courtly, learned, and astute, but wholly alien to the cause of his countrymen, and hated all the more because he was a Bostonian by birth. This neighborhood witnessed one of the violent scenes of the Stamp-Act riot, when the governor's house was pillaged, and the mob, made drunk with his own wine, would have sacrificed him to its fury had he not sought shelter in the near-by house of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Samuel Mather. When the mob demanded that the governor be given up to them, the stout-hearted minister told them that his house was his castle, and that he should protect his brother Hutchinson, even though their sentiments did not agree. The governor finally made his escape by a back way, and appeared in court the next day — which, as chief-justice, it was his office to open — without either gown or wig. Such was the importance attached to these articles of dress, that Hutchinson apologized for appearing without them. With tears in his eyes he told the court that the very coat he had on was borrowed. What a situation for the second officer in the province!

We learn from a journal written by her own hand that on the night before the battle of Bunker Hill, Samuel Mather's daughter Hannah, having first procured a pass from General Howe, proceeded to the Charlestown ferry-way, one of the two exits from the town. Though his orders were strict, the gallant captain of the guard, knowing the young lady well, passed her without difficulty, and she crossed the river in the last boat after sunset. A little after nine o'clock she presented herself at the meeting-house at Watertown, where the Provincial Congress was then sitting, and asked for Dr. Warren. He came to the door, and the lady took from her bosom a despatch, which she had undertaken to place in his hands. He took the despatch, and said, with his interesting smile, "You shall see me in the morning." That night was his last on earth.

Some other residents of North Square have left their names to us. The father of Major Samuel Shaw, Knox's talented aide-de-camp, lived here. In Shaw's house were quartered Major Pitcairn and Lieutenant Wragg, the first of whom was mortally, the other slightly, wounded at

Bunker Hill. We have it that for some remarks made at table, Samuel Shaw, an ardent young rebel, challenged the subaltern, preferring to cross swords rather than break bread with his father's unwelcome guest.

Edward Holyoke, president of Harvard in 1737, was born in this part of the town; and still another president, Edward Everett, lived in early youth in Proctor's Lane, now Richmond Street.

North Square is also the reputed scene of Captain Kemble's very heinous offence against public morality, in kissing his wife in the open street, where he happened unexpectedly to meet her after landing from a long sea-voyage. Kissing one's wife in public must have gone out of fashion at about that time.

There is also a weird, uncanny odor of witchcraft clinging about the old triangle. One goodwife was pronounced a witch on no other grounds than of her suspicious fondness for cats, of which felines she never had fewer than the cabalistic number of nine. The gossips declared that she consulted her cats, as the ancients consulted their oracles. It is quite possible that she could enjoy the ascendancy her evil reputation gave her over her weak-minded neighbors. Still another beldam was popularly believed to be in the habit of making nightly trips to Bermuda in an egg-shell, returning before daylight with a supply of fresh rosemary, which happened to be in great request. On such idle tales the lives of individuals often hung suspended in the balance. Viewed by our civilization, they seem like nursery-tales, made to frighten unruly children with; nevertheless, they are hard, uncompromising facts that look us boldly in the face as we turn over the pages of history.

One thing more and we shall have done with the old square and its unsavory traditions. Father Taylor was preaching here in the Seamen's Bethel, at the east side, when Charles Dickens, the novelist, went to hear him, and was so greatly impressed and astonished at the preacher's wonderful power over the rude wayfarers of the sea who made up the congregations. In his "American Notes," Dickens has given an

account of Father Taylor's personal appearance, and manner of delivery, in his own inimitable way ; and those who may have had the good-fortune to hear this good and faithful servant of God, and lover of his fellow-men, pour out his rugged eloquence from the pulpit, like a torrent carrying all before it, will find the picture not overdrawn. It was a stony vineyard ; but the brave old man put his hand and gave his heart unfalteringly to the work, and his memory, like some beautiful flower on a heap of garbage, still blossoms in this desert. Many a strong man has never before been so touched as to have to hide his emotion as when listening to Father Taylor. In fact, his power was wonderful. I recollect but one speaker who could so sway the emotions of his hearers as he. That was Rufus Choate.

But no contrast could be half so forcible as that between the past and present of this square. More's the pity.

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THE GOVERNOR CRADOCK HOUSE

MEDFORD, MASS.

OF all the old buildings going back to the colonial period, which accident has left unharmed, the subject we here illustrate must be considered the patriarch. It is much the oldest building in New England, if not the oldest in the United States retaining its original form. It derives additional interest as the handiwork of the first planters in the vicinity of Boston, and as one of the first, if not the very first, brick houses erected within the government of John Winthrop. Not only is its title to antiquity thus secure; but what a pleasure it is to be able to say of this venerable relic, as we now do, that it still stands! In it we have an enduring monument to the founders of New England. We are much struck with the idea that it is as old as our own history is in this New England land. Taken with one of our newest constructions it spans the whole period of time comprised between the coming of our ancestors and the birth of the New Year, 1893.

Every man, woman, and child, in Medford, knows the "Old Fort," as the older inhabitants love to call it, and will point out the site to you with visible pride that their growing city contains so interesting a relic. Seven or eight minutes of moderate walking, from the Glenwood station of the Medford Branch railroad, brings you to the object of your search, which stands on a little swell of ground, facing the Mystic River, from which, however, it is some distance back. Within twenty years the region roundabout has become quite populous. New streets have invaded what was then the country. New houses have sprung up on all sides. Yet no difficulty will be experienced in finding the Old Fort; it is *sui generis*.

As touching this familiar name of the Old Fort, when this house was built, it of course stood all alone; it was completely isolated. The occupants were few; the country on every side was swarming with wild beasts and scarce less savage men. Settlements were few and far between. Escape could be easily cut off. Hence, the idea of defence is here everywhere prominent; hence, the very briefest survey quite conclusively establishes the belief that this building was meant to be both house and castle. We think it was designed first of all as a trading-post, similar to that of Samuel Maverick at Winnisimmet, and was therefore so built as to stand a siege, if need be, or resist any attempt to burn it over the heads of the occupants.

The situation was well chosen for defence. It has the river in front, marshes at the east, and did have a considerable stretch of level meadow behind it. As it was from this quarter that an attack was most to be feared, greater precautions were taken to secure this side. The house itself is placed a little above the general level. For a century and a half it stood in the midst of an extensive field of open ground, this being surrounded by a high palisade, guarded by stout gates. No foe could approach unseen by day, or find a vantage-ground from which to assail the inmates. As a solitary outpost it was victualled, garrisoned, and furnished with the means of defence, just the same as would be done to-day by some equally remote corner of our national domain, under similar conditions.

There is another thing about the location, if it seem strange to the looker-on of to-day. Those men of substance who came over in the great emigration of 1630, and who brought cattle with them, almost immediately found themselves forced out of the peninsula of Charlestown for want of grazing-ground. In a wilderness, cleared land was not to be had. The most desirable spots, therefore, for farmers with cattle, were the lands in the near vicinity of salt-marshes, on which their cattle could be turned out to graze. All along the Mystic there is a vast extent of salt-meadow, so great a breadth of it,

indeed, that it may well have suggested the entirely happy name of Meadford, now clipped to Medford.

By reference to the Charlestown records it appears that Cradock's farm, with its belongings, was also called Mystic, and that the river flowing out before it took its name from the farm.

Here, then, the agents of Matthew Cradock, citizen and skinner of London town, first governor of the Massachusetts Company, in the early stage of its organization built the house that shall tell now and hereafter the story of his work in behalf of the colony far more eloquently than we can ever hope to do.

As the surroundings are by no means deficient in historic or picturesque interest, let us for a moment indulge ourselves in glancing over the wide panorama visible to the dwellers in this ancient mansion.

Behind us rise up bold and austere the shaggy undulations of a chain of hills, that, after rearing here a series of frowning ridges, stretches off to the ocean at Nahant. This region, with its own lakes, its cliffs, its cascades, as wild and romantic as the most ardent lover of nature could wish for, as peaceful and retired as the most inveterate lover of solitude could desire, seems set apart by nature as a breathing-place for the half-million people to-day closing up around it, and the still more dense populations to come. This last stronghold of nature is known as the Middlesex Fells.

Turning now to the opposite shores of the Mystic, we first see what was formerly known as the "Ten-Hills Farm," granted to Governor Winthrop in 1631, in whose time it reckoned some six hundred broad acres, though not much else is now left except the name he gave it. But for some years the houses of the two governors beamed pleasantly upon each other across the water, at every rising of the sun, and gave out neighborly signal-smokes in testimony that the light on their hearths was still unquenched. For was it not literally a howling wilderness? The governor himself tells us how hungry wolves daily came prowling around his house; and he has also most conscientiously set down what befell him one night when he went out with his gun to get

a shot at one, how he lost his way, got hopelessly bewildered, and after struggling some hours through briers and thickets finally came across a miserable Indian hovel in which he passed the night. This adventure took place among the thickets of Somerville and Medford, incredible story to us who see nothing there now but scores of lofty spires and miles of glistening housetops.

Then there are the hills beyond, which formed part of the American line of investment during the siege of Boston. But they are no longer what they were. It is no longer a miracle to remove mountains. Bold Putnam declared Prospect Hill impregnable ; but what the British could not take, the city fathers of Somerville have taken.

Farther to the left is Bunker Hill ; and beyond that again rises the shapely gray shaft commemorating the battle, which the inmates of this house anxiously watched till the last gun was fired. So we see all around us a veritable historic panorama. But to our story.

There hangs in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, at Boston, the charter of "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," brought over by Winthrop in 1630. The great seal of England, a most ponderous and convincing symbol of authority, is appended to it. We do not believe it was so conspicuously displayed at first.

It is well known that the settlement of Salem, begun two years earlier under the leadership of Endicott, was set on foot by this same commercial company, of which Matthew Cradock was the first governor. It is also well known, that in order to induce such men as Winthrop, Dudley, Johnson, Saltonstall, and others to emigrate, and so cast in their own fortunes with that of the colony, Cradock himself proposed the transfer of the government from England to New England. Whether this was done solely upon his own motion does not clearly appear, but at any rate he has the credit of being the prime mover in it. So the making of New England began then and there.

We cannot enter into the political aspects of this *coup d'état*.

Doubtless they were fully understood by the actors in it. That it was a more than bold move is apparent enough, even at this distance of time; and as such it must ever challenge the attention of the student of American history. In spite of the clear intent of their grant from the crown, which had merely set up another commercial corporation, like the India Company, with officers resident in England, these associates quietly proceeded to nullify it by removing their government to America. There was an evident desire to get out of reach of the lion's big paw, strongly suggestive of a purpose to beard the lion, but not in his own den. When the project was first brought forward by Cradock, the strictest secrecy was enjoined upon all the members. That he was its avowed author must be our apology for introducing the incident. No one can deny that his political wisdom has been more than justified by events, or that his voluntary surrender of office did not proclaim an unselfish devotion to the cause, worthy of all praise.

Cradock never came over himself, yet there are grounds for believing that he meant to do so sooner or later. He was a man having large interests, and the Atlantic voyage was by no means the little pleasure trip it has since become. All this, however, is conjecture. Yet it seems unlikely that he should have spent so much money here unless he really intended to see for himself what was being done with it. He did send over, however, agents, or "servants" as they were styled, one of whom, Samuel Sharp, was a member of Endicott's Council at Salem; and it is not at all improbable that Sharp, whose name is at least suggestive, may have been instructed to look over the ground, with a view to locating a grant for Cradock. We know that this plantation must have been established very soon after the arrival of the colonists at Charlestown; though this information comes to us only through the medium of an inquest held upon the body of one Austen Bratcher, who came to his death at the hands of Walter Palmer, there, both being Cradock's men. The story thus sadly begins with a homicide.

For the shrewd man of business he undoubtedly was, Cradock seems to have been singularly unfortunate in some of his servants. One had his ears cropped, and was banished out of the jurisdiction; another was whipped; and still another was bitterly complained of for his peculations. These things bear out the inference that Cradock's servants must have followed a rather wild life when this old house was new, or their riotous way of living would not so often have invoked condign punishment. They were where they could snap their fingers at the master, but not beyond the reach of that long-armed Puritan justice, so different from the modern sort of thing.

To his other undertakings, in support of the new colony, Cradock had added fishing and ship-building. For the fishery he had set up houses at Ipswich and Marblehead in the infancy of these plantations. In aid of this important industry he began ship-building here, on the Mystic. Quaint old William Wood, in his *New England's Prospect*, gives us a passing glimpse of what was going on here, so soon as the year after Cradock's men first broke ground. Would that he had given us more! He says that Master Cradock had impaled a park, for keeping his cattle until he could stock it with deer; and adds, "Here, likewise, he is at charges of building ships. The last year (1632) one was upon the stocks of a hundred tons; that being finished, they are to build one twice her burden. Ships without either ballast or loading may float down this river; otherwise the oyster-bank would hinder them which crosseth the channel."

Either we have not read history right, or Matthew Cradock did more than any other ten men toward setting this colony on its feet. Without great exaggeration he might be called its patron saint, guardian, protector. He furnished ships, money, credit, goods, most lavishly. He helped about everybody who wanted to come over and who needed help—Roger Williams among the rest. He made the enterprise respectable from a financial and business point of

view, so that other men were not afraid to embark in it. And of him all we have left is the house he built to give the enterprise a start,— a boom as we call it to-day.

All hail to thee, then, thou grisly relic of bygone days! Thou Alpha and Omega of what civilization has done in all these eventful years. Glad are we that in thine old age thou art not to be turned over to the cold mercies of a pitiless world. And may thy days be yet long in the land we love!

With this general glance at Matthew Cradock and his plans we can see for ourselves that he is not at all the sort of man to be dropped out of history. Such plans as his could not have been consummated without a very large outlay. Some one has said that three things are wanting to found a colony. The first is money; the second is money; and the third is money. Matthew Cradock knew this. Let us turn now to the house itself, the first to be built in Medford, and the last, let us hope, to be pulled down. That the date of its erection cannot be more accurately fixed is much to be regretted. The same may be said, however, of most of our old buildings, the preservation of the date being the exception rather than the rule. In regard to the Cradock house we have unbroken tradition; we have the evidence of experts; and both agree in making it the patriarch of all the old houses now standing in New England.

Unique specimen of the architecture of the early settlers, it must be considered a gem of its kind. In no essential feature is it disguised by modern alterations, but proudly bears its credentials on its weather-beaten face. The oldest living inhabitant does not remember when it looked differently—when it was not already old. His great-grandfather probably said the same thing.

Time has dealt gently with this venerable relic. Two hundred and sixty odd New England winters—no zephyrs they—have searched every nook and cranny of the old fortress, have whistled down the big chimney-stack, have rattled the window-panes in

impotent rage, have heaped high their snows upon stout roof and massy rafter all in vain. Like Bunker Hill monument, there it stands. Though hoary with age, it is not a ruin; though the first house built in Medford, it is yet a comfortable habitation.

Like a veteran of many campaigns, however, the Cradock House does show a few honorable scars. These are its best credentials to antiquity. Part of the east wall has been rebuilt, as can readily be detected in the picture; perhaps the roof has swerved somewhat from its true outline; one chimney has come down; and the loopholes seen in the front wall, through which the watchful sentinel half thrust his trusty matchlock, as he searched the shores around for some lurking danger, were for a long time closed up, though since restored. And then the windows have been enlarged to the detriment of the *ensemble*, in order to admit more light and air. In no sense can these alterations be called improvements. You cannot modernize an old building; the marks of age will stick out somewhere.

How many generations of men — and this house has seldom if ever been untenanted — have lived and died within those walls? It seems almost a triumph of matter over mind, since it has outlived them all. It is impossible to exclude from our minds the idea that such houses have a certain human character, a lifelike part in human history, they seem so crowded with the secrets of those who have lived in them. One look sets all the fibres of that marvellous thing we call memory vibrating within us. The dumb speak: the dead live again.

When this house was built, Charles I. reigned in Old England and Cromwell had not yet begun his great career. Peter the Great was not then born; and the house was waxing in years when that prodigy of his age, Frederick the Great, appeared on the stage to show Europe how the part of a monarch should be played. We seem to be speaking of some recent event — of to-day — when Louis XVI. suffered by the axe of the guillotine, and when Napoleon's sun rose in splendor, to set in darkness.

The native Indian, who witnessed its slowly-ascending walls with wonder and misgiving; the alien Englishman, whose axe wakened new and unheard echoes in the primeval forest; the colonist native to the soil, who battled and died within view, to found a new nation,— have all passed away. But here is this old mansion, the silent, the undisputed witness of all those great epochs of our history. Shall we not then call it a monument? We have said that it is not clear at just what time the house was first erected; but it has usually been fixed in the year 1634, at which time a large land-grant was made to Cradock by the General Court at this place. The bricks are said to have been burned near by, as bricks are to-day. There was even some little attempt at ornament, as seen in the lower course of the belt which is so laid as to form a cornice. The loop-holes were for both watch and ward; the walls half a yard in thickness. Ponderous iron bars secured the arched windows at the back, and the entrance-door was strongly cased in iron. The fire-proof closets, huge chimney-stacks, and massive hewn timbers, all told of strength and durability in the builder's plan. A single pane of glass, set in iron, and placed in the back wall of the western chimney, overlooked the approach from the town. It was, in short, just such a house as might have served the turn even of an inhabitant of the Scottish border, with its loop-holes, narrow windows, and doors sheathed in iron. Against an Indian foray it was impregnable.

Cradock was perhaps the only man connected with the early settlement in Massachusetts Bay whose means admitted of his building such a house. We know, of course, that many brick houses were erected in Boston during the first decade of its history; but we have found none that can lay claim to quite such an ancient pedigree as this one of which we are now writing. As one foremost in the good work, Cradock seems to have done not only his full share, but done it in the most thorough manner. It is far from improbable that, having in view a future residence in New

England, Cradock himself may have given directions for its building. At any rate, when in after years he was breasting alone the storm the colonists had raised about his ears, he must often have wished himself there. Possibly this house may have been suggested by his own residence in St. Swithin's Lane, near London Stone.

Of course, a structure going back to so remote a period for New



THE GOVERNOR CRADOCK HOUSE, MEDFORD, MASS.

England could not well be without its legendary lore. There is, in fact, a tradition running to the effect that this old fort was at one time beleaguered for several days together by an Indian war-party, who, after finding that they could make no impression on its thick walls, while the fire from the garrison was thinning their own ranks, finally drew off from the attack. Though there is no authentic record of this affair, Indians were doubtless plenty enough in the vicinity; and though generally peaceable enough if let alone,

they were always regarded with more or less distrust. The settler seldom stirred abroad without his trusty matchlock and well-filled bandoleer. We cannot give a better picture of the times than that simple yet graphic one of MacFingal: —

“For once, for fear of Indian beating,
Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting,
Each man equipped on Sunday morn,
With psalm-book, shot, and powder-horn;
And looked in form, as all must grant,
Like the ancient, true church-militant;
Or fierce, like modern deep divines,
Who fight with quills, like porcupines.”

It would be a thousand shames to let such a building, with such a history, go to wreck and ruin. How pleasant it is therefore to be able to say that its future, so long in doubt, is at last secure. As he himself says in a note to the writer, General Samuel C. Lawrence bought the Cradock House first “to save it from demolition, and after to plan for its preservation as a permanent monument to the founder of Medford.” The people of Medford are to be congratulated upon having a citizen at once so public-spirited, and yet again possessed of such enlightened views. Most heartily do we wish there were more like him. His restoring hand is already visible in the improved appearance of the old structure, and through him and it may the name of Matthew Cradock become better known among us than it is!

HOBGOBLIN HALL

MEDFORD, MASS.

*"A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall
Now somewhat fallen to decay."*

ONE fine day, while sauntering about the pleasant town of Medford, so rich in specimens of ancient architecture, I was much struck by the appearance of a house standing at the left side of the old Boston road, not half a mile out of the village. It bore so strongly the face and impress of a decayed grandeur, that I knew it at once for one of those elegant country-seats to which the magnates of the good old colony times, as well as of our own, loved to retire from the cares of active business. I at once sought an entrance, with full design to know its history.

There was no mistake about this house. It bore the genuine stamp of antiquity on its face, as clearly as if the year of the reign of King George II., in which it was erected, had challenged attention from above the entrance-door. No modern iconoclast had yet reared a hideous mansard roof above it; no destroying axe had yet been laid at the root of the stately elms that stood, like giant guardians as they were, along the splendid old drive.

The grounds, once laid out in most correct taste, were separated from the highway by a low brick wall. From the gateway, flanked by tall wooden columns, a broad avenue, bordered with aromatic box, led straight up to the house, situated at some seventy paces back from the road. The space between was embellished with shrubbery, fruit and shade trees. To the right, as you looked

toward the mansion, was the driveway, with a massive stone gatepost of imposing size standing at either side.

Now that the Hancock House is no more, this house remains about the only example of that early date and style still to be found among us. It is a thousand pities that some public-spirited citizen could not come forward to buy this house for a residence, and so possess himself of something genuinely colonial in its every nook and corner, both inside and out.



HOGGBLIN HALL, MEDFORD, MASS.

Imagine a very large, three-story brick house, sheathed entirely in wood, except at one end, and having, as is customary when the upper story is lower studded, the upper tier of windows smaller than those underneath them. All the spaces below the windows of the east front, toward which I was looking, were filled in with panels, so that from ground to cornice the windows rose in the form of columns. The reason which prompted the owner to make the west front by far the most ornamental does not readily appear;

but certain it was that the mansion, in defiance apparently of the homely maxim, "Put your best foot foremost," has very cavalierly turned its back upon the street, as if to ignore, as much as possible, what was passing in the outer and humble world around.

Sufficient unto himself, no doubt, with his gardens, his slaves, and his rich wines, was the old Antigua merchant, Isaac Royall, who came in 1737 from his tropical home, bringing his tropical habits with him, to rear what passed for a palace in his day, in this country village, for such he found it. Isaac Royall the first, the author of this charming country-seat, soon died, and was succeeded by Isaac the second, who inherited the five hundred paternal acres, "turf and twig," with the mansion, human chattels, and other worldly possessions of his deceased sire.

The carriage-drive terminated at the back of the mansion in a court-yard paved with small, smooth beach stones, through the interstices of which the grass grew thickly. To the right of the drive were the stables, while just beyond the house were the slave-quarters, fronting on the court-yard, which was thus enclosed upon three of its sides. The two-story brick building occupied by the negroes was still remaining, the last visible relic of slavery in New England. The deep fireplace in which the blacks had prepared their food was still there; and the roll of slaves has certainly been called in sight of Bunker Hill, though never, I believe, on its summit.

On the fourth side of the court-yard there rose a high brick wall, similar to that already mentioned, which opened by an arched gateway into another beautiful garden, in which some of the old box-trees and clumps of lilacs were still growing here and there. A gravelled walk led to the farther end of the garden, where an artificial mound with two terraces had been raised to make a base for a summer-house on which a dilapidated figure of Mercury, *minus* wings and arms, was poised, unable to fly, unwilling to fall. The garden front of the house overlooked this enclosure, evidently the favorite resort of the family in the cool of the evening. The summer-

house, a veritable curiosity, displayed much beauty of design, with its panels, its fluted pilasters, and its bell-shaped roof. An artist made the plan for this little structure, now so delightfully ruinous and picturesque. There was a trap-door in the floor, which, when raised, disclosed a cellar, formerly used for the storage of ice, so that beauty and utility were here combined.

The Royall mansion was modelled after that of a nobleman at Antigua. Everything was in perfect keeping; everything bore the impress of a cultivated taste and a full purse. Mounting the steps of his coach, the owner rolled away in state to attend the meetings of the Great and General Court at Boston, paid visits to his neighbor Temple at Ten Hills, or his sister Vassall at Cambridge. Here, too, came George Erving and Sir William Pepperell the younger to woo the West Indian nabob's daughters; and greatly I mistake if the walls of that same dilapidated summer-house could not have told of many a whispered love-tryst held therein. Why, it was the very place for a stolen interview or a tender declaration!

But one day Isaac Royall ordered his coach to ride to Boston to dine. He never came back again.

While he was sipping his Madeira as a gentleman connoisseur should, in serene and innocent enjoyment with his Tory friends, the news of the battle of Lexington burst upon them like lightning from a clear sky. The whole town knew, indeed, that the regulars had gone out, but few believed that any powder would be burned in consequence. Perhaps the *convives* had even grown a little jolly drinking the king's health, — "God bless him!" and confusion to all traitors — "Hang them!" Be that as it may, it is certain that the hurry and fright of that terrible day were too much for the poor Tory gentleman. Within sight of his house the regulars had been fought with hand to hand, and much blood spilled. Percy and Smith had seen the roads black with men eager for blood. A thousand rumors were abroad. On every hand armed rebels were swarming like locusts from the ground as if rebellion had stamped

her armed heel, and her legions had come forth. And so it was that suddenly abandoning his own much loved home, with all its enjoyments, its life of ease, its tender memories, Isaac Royall found himself unexpectedly shut up in Boston, with open rebellion at its gates.

Meanwhile, all New England was on the march for Boston. Among those who pitched their improvised camps in this neighborhood were some New Hampshire troops. Their commander, Colonel John Stark, a rough diamond of the first water, found the Royall family living between fear and despair at the sudden turn their affairs had taken. They were afraid of the rude soldiery. They were in despair at the loss of their head. Stark offered himself as a safeguard, was thankfully accepted, and moved in.

It is supposed that the house was vacated soon after the battle of Bunker Hill, as Stark was immediately ordered to take post on Winter Hill, and there remained during the siege. It is also presumed that the family were permitted to rejoin the derelict husband and father in Boston.

Before any of these things we have related had happened, Colonel Royall, who was a man of peace at any price, seems to have fully made up his mind to go back to Antigua, but had too long delayed. He now took passage for Halifax; and finally, when Howe, with his long train of refugees, arrived from Boston, he also departed for England, and there died, sighing for his beautiful home in America, and striving to the last, though always unsuccessfully, to avert the forfeiture of his estate.

Peace be with him, for an inoffensive, well-meaning, but shockingly timid old Tory! He would fain have lived in amity with all men; but the crisis engulfed him with its fell sweep, and he was dragged down, protesting to deaf ears. His fears counselled him to run, and he obeyed. But he is not forgotten. His works live after him. His large-hearted benevolence showed itself through many bequests to that country from which he was an alien only in name. The Royall Professorship of Law at Harvard was founded by his bounty.

He has a town (Royalston) in Massachusetts named for him, and is remembered with kindly feelings in this the place of his former abode.

After having rambled through the grounds to my full content, I returned to the house, all the better prepared to inspect its interior.

Lingering in the entrance hall only long enough to admire the elaborately carved balusters and the panelled wainscot, I first passed into the suite of apartments at the right, the reception-rooms proper of the house. These rooms were separated by an arch, in which sliding doors were concealed; and from floor to ceiling the walls were panelled in wood, the panels being of single pieces, some of which were a full yard in breadth. In the rear of these apartments, and opening to the north, were two alcoves, each flanked by fluted pilasters, on which rested an arch set off with mouldings and carved ornaments. Each recess had a deep, cushioned window-seat, where the ladies of the household could sit with their needlework; or, it may be, enjoy a delicious *tête-à-tête* with their beaux when, in winter, the windows were closed against the north-west winds. The cornice formed an appropriate finish to this really elegant *salon*.

On the right of the door as I entered, there was a sideboard, which old-time hospitality required should be always garnished with decanters of old wines, or better still, a huge bowl of punch. The host first filled himself a glass with the silver ladle, bowed low, and with a flourish of his arm drank to the health of his guest, who was then expected to pay the same compliment to his host, with interest. If a trifle ceremonious, it is no doubt true that the old manners brought men much closer to each other than do those of to-day. Gentlemen then sat long over their wine. Light or frivolous conversation was interdicted. We hear little of that leveling familiarity that now prevails among the men about town. The day of small talk had not come in. The warmth of hospitality was not all absorbed by the clubs. There was such a thing as a real home life. There was conviviality without excess. When the wine came in the ladies retired. In those days a man drank his pint of

Antigua or Madeira with no dread of any enemy but the gout, nor feared to present himself before ladies afterward, regardless of the tell-tale aroma he carried with him. What would you have? It was a custom. It is true that all men drank, yet there were few drunkards. They drunkards? Why, we are never tired of extolling them as the pattern of all virtues! We live in sadly weak-headed, degenerate times those old fellows would say, if not better advised touching the size of our national whiskey and beer bills.

The second floor was furnished with four chambers, all opening on one spacious and airy hall. Of these, the north-west room only demands special description, because it was the best. It had alcoves similar to those already mentioned in the apartment below; only, instead of panelling, the walls were covered over above the wainscot with hangings of leather, stamped in gorgeous colors of red, green, and bright gold, with flowers, birds, and beasts of Chinese creation. On this side only were seen the original windows, with their heavy frames and small panes. Every pane shook in the fierce cannonade of March, 1775.

As wall-hangings were first brought into England from the East by way of Holland, in the reign of William and Mary, we imagine that this room was the one which every visitor was first taken to see.

After inspecting the kitchen, with its enormous brick oven, still in perfect repair, and its iron chimney-back, handsomely embossed with the Royall arms, I thought of the name which stands at the head of this article, and which Longfellow must have had in mind when he wrote, though not of this house, —

“A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay.”

I therefore inquired of the good lady who had so kindly shown me through the house, if she had ever been disturbed by strange visions or frightful dreams. Had the house ever been haunted, or the scene of secret crime? She looked at me doubtfully, but promptly replied in decided negative. “They were all good people,

you know," she pleasantly said, "who dwelt here in bygone times." She had never heard it called Hobgoblin Hall before; she was sure she did not know why it had been called so.

Yet I believe my pleasant guide was not then aware, as I believe very few were, that her house had once given shelter to that prince of egotists, that soldier, "full of strange oaths," whom the world, ever too ready to condemn, now calls the traitor Lee — General Charles Lee; the man who believed himself greater than Washington, and was at no pains to conceal his opinion; the man of the huge nose, satirical mouth and speech, restless eyes, quick-flaming passions, and slovenly person; in short, that bundle of strange inconsistencies, that enigma of the Revolution, — Charles Lee.

Lee came with Washington to the camp at Cambridge. He first formed one of the family of the commander-in-chief, but on being placed in command of the left wing, three miles off, an excuse was found for his departure from the somewhat stately formality which ruled at headquarters. Doubtless the change was in no way disagreeable to a man like Washington, who was himself the pattern of personal neatness and personal dignity, and equally urgent that those near him should be so too.

Washington was evidently a disciple of Cæsar in his choice of those who were to be about his person. He loved to have the fat and amiable Knox near him. He may have thought, too, when looking at the spare and cynical Lee, as did the Roman when he exclaimed, —

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights;
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous."

In his rides about the camp Lee discovered the Royall mansion. With his Pomeranian dog at his heels the general ran over the house, found it to his liking, and decided on the spot to make his headquarters there. The thought probably tickled his fancy that he would thus be making the enemy contribute toward defray-

ing the expenses of the war. Slaves and all were still there. The general gave his orders, and without delay moved in.

Possibly the echoing corridors and forsaken apartments may have suggested to his fertile imagination the name of Hobgoblin Hall. He was a good deal of a dreamer metaphysically, as well as intellectually. There was nothing in it, however, more weird and uncanny than himself. His bachelor establishment was shunned by ladies visiting the camp, notwithstanding his repeated and urgent invitations. Mrs. Adams, for instance, wrote to her husband that she had met General Lee while calling at Major Mifflin's; that Lee was very urgent with her "to tarry in town, and dine with him and the ladies present at Hobgoblin Hall; but I excused myself. The general was determined," she adds, "that I should not only be acquainted with him, but with his companions too, and therefore placed a chair before me, into which he ordered Mr. Spada to mount and present his paw to me for better acquaintance." Mr. Spada was the Pomeranian dog before referred to.

Lee's native eccentricity, or his desire to gain notoriety with the army, appears in all his acts. We in vain try to figure to ourselves this tall, swarthy, ungainly looking warrior mounting his horse in the court-yard, and riding off with a pack of yelping curs at his heels, while the negroes follow him with wondering eyes. What manner of man he was may be gathered from his letters to Burgoyne, to Putnam, and from the true incident of his galloping down to the British outposts alone, and, after attracting the sentinel's attention by his gesticulations, exclaiming in a loud voice, "Tell your officers, fellow, that General Lee is here!"

His letter to Putnam is equally characteristic. Here it is in all its integrity:—

"HOBGOBLIN HALL, *October 19, 1775.*

"DEAR GENERAL,—The bearer of this is a Mr. Page. He has the laudable ambition of seeing the great General Putnam. I therefore desire that you would array yourself in all your majesty and terrors for his reception. Your blue-and-gold

must be mounted, your pistols stuck in your girdle; and it would not be amiss if you should black one half your face.

"I am, dear general, with fear and trembling, your humble servant,

"CHARLES LEE."

Grown uneasy at seeing his able, but careless, lieutenant take up his quarters so far from his troops (he was a mile and a half from the centre of his command), Washington one day wrote Lee a letter on the subject in that firm, full, round hand for which he was remarkable. Lee read the letter, packed up his traps, and removed forthwith to the Tufts house. His notice had presumably been called to the old military maxim, that in war a general should sleep among his soldiers. This incident goes to show that habitual carelessness in Lee which later on led to his capture at Basking-ridge, an event sometimes, though erroneously, we think, imputed to treachery.

After Lee had gone from the mansion, General John Sullivan, allured by the manifold comforts his fancy conjured up, but wholly ignorant of why his superior officer had so unceremoniously quitted it, very innocently moved in also. Before he had time to get well settled in his new quarters an aide-de-camp handed *him* a letter from his excellency, General Washington. In his turn, Sullivan left the house without giving his brother officers any reasons for making so poor an exchange, and went back to Winter Hill and its wintry blasts. The moving despatch may be liberally interpreted, we think, to have read as follows:—

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once."

We can only guess how inexplicable these sudden comings and goings must have been to the poor negroes; we can only admire the firmness of the general, who, by remanding his generals to their proper posts, set an example which might have been followed with advantage in much later times.

EDWARD EVERETT'S BIRTHPLACE

DORCHESTER, MASS.

WHOEVER has visited an old New England town — and Dorchester was one of the oldest before its individuality was merged with that of the greater Boston — must have been agreeably impressed with the stately grandeur of the trees growing by the roadsides. In them, at least, the old settlers have left us something for which we should ever hold them in grateful remembrance; and as there were no village improvement societies in those days we may fairly give credit to those old fellows, whom we imagine only as hewers of wood and drawers of water, for some feeling for the beautiful, and, better still, some thought for those who should come after them. One is everywhere forcibly reminded of Tom Hood's beautiful lines: —

“’Twas in a shady avenue
Where lofty elms abound,
And from a tree
There came to me
A sad and solemn sound.”

Along many an old country highway do these statuesque elms stretch their sheltering branches over the hot and dusty traveller, who loiters in their coolness and shade, and is gently fanned by the softly swaying foliage overhead. Nowhere were these grand old English elms found in greater vigor and profusion than in Old Dorchester. They are the finest among their species; their foliage is of a deeper green, and is longer retained in autumn, than that of our American variety. You will occasionally meet with a group of the lofty, broad-leaved button-wood, such as stand about the house in which Everett

was born, but not often. So fantastic is the way in which the limbs of some of these grow, that they appear not unlike huge pythons writhing about in agony; in winter their ghastly white trunks and twisted branches have a downright weird and spectral aspect. He who planted these sycamores may have had in mind how much they are honored in the East, or have read of that hollow, cavernous trunk in which, Pliny tells us, a Roman consul, with eighteen soldiers, once took refuge from a storm.

Until quite recently, comparatively speaking, Dorchester was a model of quiet, old-fashioned respectability. Had you not known, you would scarce have believed the city to be only three miles away. An air of well-bred gentility, of well-earned repose, sat easily upon the old town. To the crowding city it seemed saying severely, "Keep your distance!" The estates were ample, the houses roomy, the inhabitants hospitable.

In some respects Dorchester more resembled an English country town than any other of our acquaintance. As Lowell has so truly said of Old Cambridge, "it was essentially an English village, quiet, un-speculative, without enterprise, sufficing to itself, and only showing such differences from the original type as the public school and the system of town government might superinduce." In short, it was just such a place as a man of business who loved country life best would be apt to choose for a home. In comparison with Cambridge it was fortunately free from that "cloistered quiet" which so often turned the terrified citizen out of his bed under the impression that the last trump had sounded; or that overcharged "intellectual atmosphere" so often accompanied by midnight explosions and the crashing of window glass, as to make the unlettered think they were sleeping on a volcano.

But this was when Dorchester was a country town. You saw none of those prim little bandboxes of cottages, packed so closely together that the occupants can shake hands with each other across lots, out of the windows. The surveyor had not then got in his deadly work. Brick blocks had not gone up; or whole ranks of trees come

down in his destroying path. Long rows of houses had not begun to imprison the streets or shut out the green fields from the passer-by. In a word, it had not then been built up.

But since Dorchester became a ward of Boston, its ancient traditions have been violently uprooted. The transition state shows a comical jostling of urban with rural life. Perhaps even its old west-of-England name will ere long pass into the oblivion that enshrouds its still more ancient Indian designation. The all-grasping city is ever stretching forth fresh arms, polypus-like, in search of some new spot of ground upon which to plant its unwieldy and unrestful bulk. Wretched Galileo! why did you ever declare that the world moved? To some wanderer, just returned from a long absence abroad,

"New streets invade the country, and he strays,
Lost in strange paths, still seeking, and in vain,
For ancient landmarks, or the lonely lane
Where oft he played at Crusoe when a boy."

The point where the old road coming from Roxbury burying-ground is crossed by that leading from Upham's Corner in Dorchester, over the old causeway to South Boston, is locally known as "The Five Corners," and is the locality of our sketch.

Long ago, all of what is now South Boston was known as Dorchester Neck, and was used in common by the inhabitants of this town. The "lowing herds" were regularly driven onto the Neck every morning, and wandered about at discretion over the hills and marshes, returning at nightfall, as all good cows do, to the gate which closed the entrance. What Gray's famous "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" so feelingly recalls, was every day witnessed from this spot. This primitive condition of things continued from the day of steeple-crowned hats, buff-coats, and matchlocks, down to a few generations ago.

But the fatal day came when that cow-pasture was to play a much more important part in history. Its lofty heights became of strategic

value to the besiegers of Boston. It was then that over the roads just described the army of General Thomas silently wended its way on one stinging night of March, 1775, to seize those heights; and the startled inmates of our old mansion here saw filing by them the shadowy procession of four thousand men, with their four hundred carts loaded with fascines, chandeliers, and baled hay, and heard their dull tramp, tramp echo along the frozen ground all the livelong night.



BIRTHPLACE OF EDWARD EVERETT.

From time to time a figure that sat its horse like a statue passed up and down the moving column in silence; but the soldiers all knew that statuesque form, and that where he was all was well.

But, as Mr. Dickens used to remark, in his inimitable satire upon writers of cheap fiction, "Let us not anticipate."

The house, standing as we see it in the angle formed by two streets, has both a south and west front, with entrances in each. Its high gambrel roof, topped by ornamental balustrade, aids in lifting the

whole structure into one harmonious effect ; still, they knew in colonial times, as well as we now do, how to keep up appearances, so that the mansion has little depth compared with its height and frontage, and, though destitute of any particular feature of ornament, there is something decidedly pleasing about its appearance. It is, moreover, in excellent preservation —

“A brave old house ! a garden full of bees,
Large dropping poppies, and queen hollyhocks,
With butterflies for crowns — tree peonies,
And pinks and goldyllocks.”

This house belongs to a class of which we find so many examples dating back to between about 1740 and 1760, as to confirm the opinion that such houses had become the prevailing fashion. At any rate, they announce an era of better taste ; and they almost invariably signal to us the residence of one of the colonial gentry, in whom all the aristocratic traditions of his English prototype were most loyally cherished.

Should we elect to enter the house, we must first raise and let fall the big brazen knocker, which almost frights the quiet neighborhood with its clangor. You next enter a broad hall, which opens at either hand into large parlors, and these in turn have chambers above, with

“Fair window-prospects opening wide
O'er history's fields on every side.”

Edward Everett was born in the east chamber, on the right of the picture. Nathan Hale, so distinguished in New England journalism, and some time Everett's instructor at Exeter Academy, was married in the apartment beneath.

It is supposed that Colonel Robert Oliver built this house about 1740, and that his son, Thomas Oliver, the last Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts under the crown, was either born here or on the estate, which reckoned in his time some forty acres of pasture and marsh. Dorchester might, appropriately, be called the home of gov-

ernors, she having furnished Stoughton, Tailer, Belcher, Hutchinson, Oliver, Everett, and Gardner, either to Colony or State.

Colonel Oliver, a descendant of the Huguenot Oliviers, a name renowned in French chivalry, was engaged in trade with the West Indies, and is reported to have brought the first negro slaves to Dorchester. It is said that he employed them at first in removing a hillock of earth, each laborer carrying his load in a wooden tray upon his head. The colonel being advised to substitute barrows for a process so tedious, furnished his slaves with them, but was at his wits' end at seeing the negroes returning, each with a well-filled barrow on his head! It is not many years since the writer saw negroes at work coaling a huge Atlantic steamship in a West-Indian port, by carrying the coal on board in tubs on their heads. Cambridge, Betty, and Mimbo, three of Colonel Oliver's slaves, have stones erected to their memory in the old burial-place, a short distance from the mansion-house.

The son, afterward lieutenant-governor, had a fortune, much exceeding that of his father, left him by a grandfather and great-uncle, so that Oliver *père* did not feel called upon to make any provision for Oliver *fils* in his will, beyond the usual mourning-suit and ring. The younger Oliver removed to Cambridge before the Revolution, where he lived in great state in the elegant seat now known as Elmwood — the late residence of the lamented James Russell Lowell. These late Dorchester Oliviers, by the by, were of a different family from Andrew, the stamp-master, and Peter, the Chief-Justice of Massachusetts.

Thomas Oliver, a dapper little man, pleasant of speech and courtly of manner, was in no public office previous to his appointment as Hutchinson's deputy — a choice which occasioned so much surprise that it was currently believed the name of Thomas had been inserted by accident in the commission instead of that of Peter. But Hutchinson, who managed the affair, knew what he was about.

Popular agitation was fast leading up to open hostilities. To hold office in those stormy times was not a bed of roses, as Oliver soon found out to his cost. To hold high one's head, drink the

king's health, talk flippantly of the rabble, and boastfully of the might of Britain, signalled the true Tory of the Revolution. Oliver was no more unpopular than the rest, or any better judge of the signs of the coming political tempest then about to sweep him and them into oblivion.

One fine morning in September, 1774, the men of Middlesex appeared in the lieutenant-governor's grounds at Cambridge, and wrung from him a resignation, after which he consulted his safety by a flight into Boston.

Having seen Thomas Oliver thus summarily disposed of, we are at liberty to return to the paternal mansion. In 1775 it was the residence of Colonel William Burch, one of the royal commissioners of customs. This position was no sinecure, considering that the revenue must be collected at the risk of being knocked on the head. Burch, too, fled; and the vacant house was then taken possession of by a detachment of the regiment stationed in Dorchester in 1775 as an outpost. By this time the roads centring here had made the spot of strategic value. Marks of the occupation are still visible here, as they are also in the old Clapp homestead near by, where the three-cornered orifices made by the soldiers' bayonets in the ceiling tell the tale to this day. Burch was proscribed and banished in 1778, and included in the Conspiracy Act of 1779.

After the war was over Oliver Everett, pastor of the "New South Church," in Boston, from 1782 until his dismissal in 1792, took up his abode here in the latter year; and two years later the eyes of young Edward Everett first opened upon this wicked world; perhaps the very objects his wondering gaze first dwelt upon were the blue Dutch tiles, with their pictured stories, over the fireplace.

In 1802 Everett's father died, and the family then removed into Boston. We shall not follow him to his several places of residence, but merely recall the fact that, when young Edward went to Ezekiel Webster's school, in Short Street, Daniel Webster officiated for a short time as teacher there. Everett afterward occupied the same house in Summer Street that had belonged to Mr. Webster.

There is nothing of proud humility, but much to command our respect, in Everett's own manly declaration that his forefathers "were very humble men, — farmers and mechanics, — who devoted themselves to a most unambitious career. They left nothing to their descendants of either fame or fortune," he adds, "but a good name," and that we know is better than riches.

We do not hesitate to reproduce here Everett's charming picture of his schoolboy days, when first he went with

"Shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

"When I first went to a village school," he begins, "I remember it as yesterday. I seem still to hold by one hand for protection (I was of the valiant age of three years) to an elder sister's apron; with the other I grasped my primer, a volume of about two and a half inches in length, which formed then the sum-total of my library, and which had lost the blue paper cover from one corner — my first misfortune in life. I say it was the practice then, as we were trudging along to school, to draw up by the roadside if a traveller, a stranger, or a person in years passed along, and "make our manners," as it was called. The little girls courtesied, the boys made a bow. It was not done with much grace, I suppose; but there was a civility and decency about it which did the children good, and produced a pleasing impression on those who witnessed it. The age of schoolboy chivalry is past, never to return. These manners belong to a forgotten order of things; they are too precise and rigorous for this enlightened age."

Professor Lowell, a somewhat younger man than Everett, also alludes in one of his essays to this growing tendency on the part of the rising generation toward complete emancipation from the restraints of old customs, though in a more playful spirit. Speaking of antiquities, he insists that we have "in America things amazingly old, as our boys, for example."

It was eminently fitting that when a new school-house was to be erected more than fifty years later, near the spot where their townsman was born, the citizens of Dorchester should have given it the name of Everett. The compliment was no doubt highly appreciated, even by one who had held so many positions of the highest honor under the national government. Mr. Everett was himself present at the dedicatory services. He detailed with his accustomed felicity of expression, and with a feeling his new-awakened memories so freshly brought forth, his own school-day experiences. The great scholar made no attempt to display his scholarship; the matchless orator forgot his well-rounded periods. He went back—he went over again with playful pathos or delightful humor the story of his own efforts to get an education. Among other things he told the boys there present that much of the success he had achieved in life was owing to his having learned “to read so as to be understood, to write a legible hand, and to know enough arithmetic to understand when two and two make four.” It was an impressive example of American citizenship,—the best. Everett’s reference to writing a legible hand has peculiar point; for he wrote not only a legible, but a most beautiful hand, showing a touch of refinement in every stroke and line. No haste, no slovenliness there. His letters are as much models of neatness as of elegance in composition. Like Mr. Longfellow, he was fastidious to a degree in this respect.

Many of us remember Mr. Everett. In his youth he was extremely handsome. When he was a professor at Cambridge he was of slight build, with light hair and smooth face, with the look of a scholar and a gentleman in it. Even so early as this his fame as a public speaker had gone farther abroad than that of any other man in New England, except Mr. Webster. He came to have a wider audience than any other. Two acts will always especially endear him to Americans; namely, his earnest efforts in behalf of the Bunker Hill and Mount Vernon Associations. The completion of the monument, and the rescue of the tomb of Washington, are in no small degree due to him.

His oration on Washington and his "Mount Vernon Papers" reached the hearts and firesides of an immense audience; they brought him nearer to the people than any other American orator of our time — we might even say of any time. The address on Washington was first delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association on the 22d of February, 1856, in Music Hall.

While in the vicinity, the visitor is not only advised, he is urged, to turn back toward Upham's Corner, and take a stroll through the old burying-ground there, where some of the most curious epitaphs in New England may be read.

THE MINOT HOMESTEAD

DORCHESTER, MASS.

- It has been truly said that the history of the American Indians, like that of the Carthaginians, has been written by their enemies. I know of no task that may, even now, more profitably employ an impartial pen than the annals of this doomed race. Our ancestors, who saw in the Indian only a friend to be feared, or an enemy to be destroyed, have laid on the canvas none but the darkest colors. His savage mode of warfare, his cruelties, in short all the more repulsive phases of his character, have been largely dwelt upon; his virtues, his heroism, and his wrongs have received but scant acknowledgment at the hands of our early historians. We have, in a measure, changed places with the Indian; and he now occupies a position, in respect to numbers and power, much like that of the first English settlers on the shores of New England. We have grown great, and waxed strong; he, weak and despised. Like them, he is to-day struggling for a bare existence, though, unlike them, his final disappearance has become only a question of time, perhaps susceptible even of close calculation, since there is so large and influential a section holding that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian." With that section the only solution of the Indian problem is extermination. What a commentary is this upon our boasted civilization! And how complacently have we looked on while it was being carried into effect! Little did the Indian dream, when, with outstretched hand, he uttered his famous salutation, "Welcome, Englishmen!" that he was pronouncing his own sentence of death.

These thoughts came into my mind while standing before the Minot House, built either by express agreement or sufferance, it

matters little which, on land belonging to the neighboring tribe. It carried me straight back to the day when our fathers were beggars for a few poor acres of land ; when all Plymouth was afraid of one solitary, naked Indian, armed only with bow and arrows ; when, in short, the Indian was something more than a symbol for our coat-of-arms.

This house was standing in that part of ancient Dorchester called Neponset, from the river running down through it into the sea. Within a month after I had made a sketch of it, the house, most



THE MINOT HOMESTEAD, DORCHESTER, MASS.

unfortunately, took fire, and was nearly destroyed. Our picture presents it in all its antique simplicity.

The loss of this house was to be regretted for more reasons than one ; it was a most characteristic specimen of the very earliest houses, of which too few are now remaining — a type of its class, plain to homeliness if you will, but the outgrowth of a plain people, whose wants were few, and whose means were limited. It was easily and cheaply constructed. As soon as the massive frame

could be hewed out of the native forest, all the neighbors lent a hand in raising it. Even the minister was there to assist; for the ministers of those days did not think it beneath them to minister to the physical wants of their people. In a few days the house would be roughly boarded in; in a week or two one or two rooms would be got ready for occupancy; and from that time on to its completion the work would progress, according as time or means permitted, after the family had moved in.

The loss of such houses, important aids as they are to getting at the true home-life and thought of our ancestors, is all the more to be regretted because we are now so often reminded, as if it was a matter for general congratulation, that the old Puritan is now quite extinct; that we ought to be thankful his day and generation is past, never to return; that the American of the future is not to bear his stamp, or, in fact, any individual stamp at all, but is to be a nameless composite of all the odds and ends of creation, thrown at hazard into the national caldron,

“Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray:
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.”

Yet it was in dwellings of this sort that the true New England character — that by which it became known and honored throughout the world — was formed and crystallized. The men of mark, like the Adamses, Otises, Everetts, Aspinwalls, or Minots, were not reared in the lap of luxury. There has been an evolution from generation to generation; but the forefathers as well knew what honest toil meant, as how to build up a state, and went from the plough to the General Court, and from the General Court back to the plough, without scruple or comment, like honest men. They did not need to be told, either, that public office is a public trust. We shall therefore call this the typical New England home.

The artist has faithfully reproduced the venerable building which enjoyed the peculiar distinction of being brought within the municipality of Boston, though originally a country house, by the annexation of Dorchester, itself one of the oldest towns in the Commonwealth, its settlement having preceded even that of Boston by a few days. The Indian name of Dorchester was Mattapan. Over all this region, and before the descent of the pale-faces on his coasts, the Sachem Chicataubut held sway, until gathered to his fathers a few years after the settlement here. In full view are the Milton Hills, which are said to have originated the name of Massachusetts — literally the place of mountains. Across the Neponset we enter territory almost every rod of which recalls some event interesting or memorable, — the scene of Morton's lawless frolics and Standish's bloody exploits; the birthplace of the patriots Hancock, Adams, and Quincy, whom we shall presently call upon in the spirit of true pilgrims, not because the past is the past, but because we shall find in it so many useful lessons, so much that is hopeful and inspiring for the future.

This house was a fairly representative structure of its time and place, as wholly alien to modern ideas as to the requirements of our domestic economy. Of every hundred persons whom accident or curiosity brought to the spot, it is entirely safe to say that ninety-nine would have voted it an old barn, and would have wondered why it should be permitted to cumber the ground, which was worth so many times the few shillings paid for it. But we can and do see in it one of those weak outposts of civilization, uniting, as it were, two historic eras — the one that we have so often read of and so deeply pondered, with the one we live in. Still, the house claimed consideration arising from its more than two centuries' possession of the ground, beginning from the time when Boston and New York were sea-coast villages, and long before Philadelphia was thought of. The illustration will dispense with further description, except to say that when built the house was rather superior



to the average farmhouses of the time, and, like most of the early ones, was walled up inside, between joists, with bricks laid in clay mortar, to keep out the cold, and not bullets, as some of our wiseacres have stated. The windows, as they appear in our picture, belong to a much later period than that of the first, or even the second, generation of occupants. There was a small front entry, a kitchen, which in those days was the real living-room for the whole family, as in it was the mammoth fireplace, in which a blazing fire roared up the big-throated chimney of cold winter nights. Three or four wooden-seated chairs, a settle, a dresser, and possibly a cradle, constituted all the furnishings for an ordinary family. Many a poor boy who in after-life has risen to eminence, has studied his first books, or read his first romance, by the firelight, because household economy required candles to be put out after bedtime, and bedtime varied from the time the chickens went to roost, for the little ones, to nine o'clock for the older members of the family.

In building outside the larger towns, the idea of defence was always more or less prominent, and most houses were therefore strongly built. Convenience of fetching water came into this general idea. A glance at the engraving shows the well, shaded by a decaying apple-tree, within a few feet of the front door. If this house was built as early as 1640, as claimed (and to all appearance it may have been), the Indians were in a measure unprovided with firearms; their dependence as yet being chiefly upon their primitive weapons. Still, as they would give all they possessed for a gun, and traders were avaricious, enough were well armed to give the settlers much uneasiness. So clearly was this arming opposed to keeping the peace, that English, French, and Dutch alike discountenanced, under severe penalties, the selling of guns and ammunition to the redmen, until, becoming embroiled among themselves, one and all employed the savages in their own behalf, and put in their hands the arms of European warfare. In the first Indian war with the Pequots, the English considered a

buff-coat, such as was then worn by the troopers and foot-soldiers, as arrow-proof; yet even these were often pierced, while the vengeful shafts rattled against the steel cap and corselets as viciously as did the English cloth-yard shafts at Hastings or Agincourt.

As is well known, the war with the Pequots occurred in 1637, while young Harry Vane was Governor of Massachusetts Bay, when the power of this, the most dreaded of all the New England nations, was virtually destroyed. As there was no other outbreak of consequence until Philip's War, in 1675-'76, little occasion existed for the erection of garrison-houses—I mean such as were afterward expressly constructed with the view of defence—until after this war, nor have I met with any among the few remaining in New England that can be satisfactorily traced back of this time. The garrison-houses proper, so far as I am able to judge from their own architecture, and the exigencies which called them into being, belong to the period of the French and Indian War, arising from the counter-revolution in England and accession of William III.

During Philip's War the houses called garrisons were no more than ordinary dwellings, designated by the colonial magistrates as such, on account of situation or capability for defence. They were, in fact, rallying-points, so situated as to cover most of the settlement, or its approaches. In this, as in their construction, they embodied the rudest principles of military art—and the best. But for the gallant defence of the Chew House, Washington would have won the battle of Germantown. If the farmhouse of Hougoumont had not cost Napoleon so much time and loss of life before it was carried, he doubtless would have had "those English" where he wanted them, as he so confidently said on that memorable morning. People who have wondered what garrison-houses really were will readily see how any strong, well-built dwelling-house could easily resist Indians a long time. All the frontier settlements had these garrisons, known by the name of their regular inhabitant, receiving in time of danger a quota of soldiers, and affording a refuge to the undefended ones upon an alarm. With

their stout frames, and walls filled in with brick or plaster, they could, and often did, hold out against overwhelming odds. At a later day the idea of a better defence originated a class of block-houses, constructed solely with a view to putting a stumbling-block in an enemy's way. They were built of logs or hewn timbers, fitted to join closely, with a projecting upper story for firing upon, or scalding with boiling water, those who might attempt to force an entrance. Yet, as the overhanging upper story was a common feature of English architecture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, it is not necessarily to be inferred that all houses of this style in New England were erected for defence alone.

I have said so much on this point, because I used often to hear the Minot House spoken of as the old Indian fort. Perhaps of even greater interest than the fact that events dating from the Restoration in England down to a recent time have been discussed in it, is that it commemorates an act of female heroism not infrequent in the day of savage warfare, as the narratives of Mrs. Rowlandson, Hannah Duston, and others go to prove. The story furthermore strikingly illustrates the perils of frontier life.

In July, 1675, this house was occupied by the family of John Minot. One Sabbath, while all but the maid-servant and two young children were gone to meeting, a prowling Indian, who clearly had been on the watch for this very opportunity, came to the door, and attempted to enter the house. Finding the door fastened, he tried to gain an entrance by the window. That, too, was secured against him. The young woman had watched the Indian's motions in great alarm. She was all alone with two helpless children, but she was none of your fainting or crying sort. With rare presence of mind she first hid the little ones under two large brass kettles, and then snatched down the ever-ready musket from its place and ran up-stairs with it, determined to sell her life as dearly as possible. The gun was empty. The savage, seeing her in the act of loading, levelled his own gun and fired, but missed her. Our heroine then returned the shot, wounding the

savage in the shoulder, though not so badly as to disable him. Rendered furious by the pain of his wound, the savage redoubled his efforts to break in through the window. The courageous maid ran back down-stairs, caught up a shovelful of hot coals, and thrust it into the fellow's face. This decided the contest in her favor. The Indian fled to the woods, where he was soon after found stone dead, five miles from the house, his face horribly scorched and scarred by the burning embers. This was probably a stray warrior of Philip's partisans, and was the nearest any hostile Indian approached the New England capital during the war. I need not say with what pleasure I should record the name of the damsel whose courage equalled her presence of mind, but unfortunately I have not been able to meet with it. The colonial government did, however, present her with a silver bracelet having this inscription, "She slew the Narragansett hunter."

The family of Minot in America probably originated with George, the first settler of the name in Dorchester. Of this name, George Richards Minot, the author of the "History of Massachusetts," and of "Shays' Rebellion," is known to all students of American history, and his name is especially honored by the Massachusetts Historical Society as one of its founders. It is said that, in the old burying-ground of Dorchester, there was once a stone with this inscription:—

"Here lie the bodies of Unite Humphrey and Shining Minot:
Such names as these they never die not."

The family cradle of the Minots was in the possession of Miss Rachel Minot of Neponset. A still more curious relic is preserved in one of the Dorchester families of the name of Pierce, it being neither more nor less than some ship-bread brought over in the Mary and John in 1630.

THE QUINCY MANSION

QUINCY, MASS.

It would indeed be surprising to find a person who had not heard of Quincy, since such substantial bits of the town have, for half a century or so, gone to the making of so many other towns, from one end of the Union to the other. And it would be difficult to find a city of any note whatever in which Quincy had not thus raised a lasting monument to itself. It was only a few years after the Civil War had ceased that a shaft of Quincy granite obtained a broader and happier significance, when on Bunker Hill the representatives of several Southern States grasped the proffered hands of men of New England in sincere amity, and solemnly declared, as men gathered about an altar, that the blood of Bunker Hill, of Eutaw, and of Yorktown, should ever after mingle under one flag and one country. Through just such spontaneous outbursts of patriotism more has been accomplished in a single day, I might almost say in a single hour, toward reconciling two proud and somewhat jarring sections, than statesmanship, with all its wisdom, could have done in years.

After this, who shall dare deny that history is a power? or the memory of great deeds a vital impulse in man?

Our granite may be, as some indeed affirm, typical of the New England character, — hard, inflexible, and susceptible to polish only by the hardest kind of rubbing; but is it not also strong, masterful, and enduring? Could you have the kernel without the shell? Yet a solid man of Boston is by no means a petrification. Ask Ireland,

Crete, France, or, to come nearer home, Portland, Chicago, New Orleans, Charleston, if his is a heart of stone.

But granite is by no means all that Quincy is noted for. Besides its granite, which the reader will, perhaps, wonder could ever lead any one to a train of speculative philosophy, where else but in Quincy can you find the homes of two Presidents of the United States? Already we have been admitted within the sacred precincts of more than one historic mansion, have held mystical converse with their departed inhabitants, and have, in turning away, mused on the lessons of their lives. There is much in these associations which, if we are not quite able to analyze, we yet feel the full force of. Stupid people may laugh, if they please, may even accuse us of a sickly sentimentality, but we feel that the cultivation of a sentiment that can lead us to honor the memory of the great and good who have lived before us needs no apology.

In that part of Quincy locally known as Atlantic, we will now make a brief halt, since here, also, stands one of those old ancestral seats that make for us safe stepping-stones of history across the turbulent flood of modern innovations. We amazingly like to get to one of these spots which record the fortunes of a family from the time the first tree was felled, the first spadeful of earth turned, in unbroken succession down to the present time. We feel as if we could almost shake hands with the first emigrant across the fading shores of time. Such a spot is the Quincy mansion before us.

Close down by the sea, where you can scent its pungent saltiness and inhale its invigorating gales, stands the mansion — less antique, perhaps, than some others scattered about the country, but still a fairly good specimen of colonial architecture rather more than a hundred years ago. It is placed on a gentle swell of ground at the extremity of the noblest private estate in New England. Its five hundred broad acres of meadow and woodland give the idea that you have suddenly been dropped into an English park come down

from generation to generation by the law of entail. There is a broad and leafy avenue, a quarter of a mile long, leading from the highroad up to the mansion ; and everywhere about you are most delightful glimpses, across long levels of salt meadow, of the sea, of Boston Harbor and its islands, of its lighthouses, and of the countless white sails continually winging their way hither and hither, like birds of passage from clime to clime.



THE QUINCY MANSION, QUINCY, MASS.

A site so near the sea-shore, and commanding such an extensive ocean prospect, would now be considered most available for a summer residence ; but summer and winter were the same to the dwellers in this hospitable mansion, who built their houses to live in all the year round, who were often snowbound in winter, and who, most assuredly, had to get along without those luxuries which we call the necessities of life — such as the daily paper, the early train to the city, steam-heated apartments, electric lights, and

other inventions of this pampered age. If any one thinks those old fellows did not live long and well, let him carefully compare the oldest gravestones in the cemetery with the newest. Out of regard, it may be presumed, for our growing tenderness, Providence, they say, has even made our winters milder, if not shorter, than they were in the long ago.

Colonel Josiah Quincy built this house in 1770 on ground that had been granted his ancestor, Edmund Quincy, as early as 1635. This Edmund was the first of his name in New England. The house is supposed to have replaced an earlier one that was set on fire in the winter of 1769 by the overheating of an oven, and burned to the ground. This, too, was spoken of as a fine house for its day.

When first I happened to be rambling in the neighborhood — alas! that it should be so long ago — I found most hospitable welcome at the old mansion from the daughters of the late Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College, who then made it their summer home. For four successive generations a son had borne the name of Josiah; and as two of that name have been mayors of Boston, while all have been more or less distinguished in political life, the patronymic is apt to become a little perplexing. There is an embarrassment of Josiahs. Beyond question there may be, to a genealogist at least, many good arguments raised against the continued use of the same Christian name by a family, especially when that name happens to be borne by three persons of as many different generations all of whom are living.

In this family, history repeated itself in this way: there were two sets of Josiahs. Back in the Revolutionary time there was the Colonel Josiah, builder of this house, and there was his son, Josiah Jr., called by way of distinction, the patriot. No farther back than the sixties or seventies the same anomalous condition of things, led to many pleasant quips at the expense of the younger Josiah of the two, who was also known in the lifetime of his father, President Quincy, as Josiah Junior.

When both had grown to be old men it was not always easy to tell which was the father, and which the son, or as it was once poetically put,

“I crave their pardon, but must ask, for one,
How shall we know the father from the son?”

When these lines were read by the toast-master, at a certain public celebration, the *younger* Quincy immediately jumped to his feet, and in the midst of great merriment cried out, “Gentlemen, I introduce to you *my son*, who sits on the right of the chair!” This brought the elder Quincy to his feet to reprove, with humorous severity, the disobedience of *some* sons.

Many doubtless remember, as I do, these two hale, dignified-looking old gentlemen walking arm in arm down State street together. They made a couple that you could not help turning round to look after.

When I was once fairly within the house, which was furnished as houses were furnished a century ago — where antique-dressed portraits looked down from the walls, and where oriental couches in cool corridors insidiously invited one to post-prandial naps — I felt as if modern life had little right to intrude itself into such a place. Walking through these spacious apartments in the regulation frock-coat and trousers seemed a good deal like an undress rehearsal on a stage set for *I Puritani* or *The Huguenots*. You think that every visitor should be required to don a powdered periwig, laced coat, and silk stockings, in order that the prevailing idea may not be disturbed. And why not? We do it at the demand of royalty; why not at the call of patriotism?

Very much of the fragrance of the old life still lingered about those wainscotted apartments, as if their former occupants had but just stepped out on some little errand, and might be expected back again the very next moment.

“You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.”

Now and then, as the gentlest of summer breezes lightly stirred the draperies at the windows, the rustling of silk seemed to announce that coming, and I half turned round to see who might be stepping so lightly across the threshold. Really, a half hour's visit, where all the talk was of the past, almost sufficed to convert the imaginary into the real.

I have called these old mansions, stepping-stones of history. It will be seen that the term as used here is no catch-word. By an easy transition we shall step here from the Quincys to the Adamses and the Hancocks. Here, surely, was a family triumvirate of no inconsiderable power, whether social, political, or financial weight be meant. More of this hereafter; but a brief word now is necessary to explain what follows.

The Colonel Quincy referred to had a cousin John, who held many public offices under the province, and for whom Quincy was named when the old town of Braintree was divided. This John lived at Mt. Wollaston, one short stage farther on in our historical pilgrimage, and on a spot to which we have already drawn attention. He is the "grandfather Quincy" of the following extracts from John Adams' diary: "Drank tea at Grandfather Quincy's," "Spent the evening at Colonel Quincy's with Colonel Lincoln." The men talked politics, and the ladies talked about the fashions by the last London packet. The serpent discord soon, however, introduced itself into this as into many other families, through the disputes with the mother country. Once, when Mrs. Adams was spending the day here, "there came Mr. Samuel Quincy's wife and Mr. Sumner, Mr. Josiah and wife. A little clashing of parties you may be sure. Mr. Sam's wife said she thought it high time for her husband to turn about; he had not done half so cleverly since he left her advice." The brothers, Samuel and Josiah, took opposite sides in the contest.

The four Quincys who bore the name of Josiah should not be confounded the one with the other. Colonel Josiah Quincy, who built

this house, and occupied it during Washington's investment of Boston, is easily identified by his military title. From seeing the British fleet daily riding at anchor, from his windows, he became an enthusiastic amateur Fulton or Ericsson, in all sorts of destructive inventions. How to blow that fleet sky-high became a sort of mania with him. Every few days he would ride off to camp with some new-incubated project which he felt sure would accomplish the object he had in view.

Not finding, possibly, at army headquarters, the support he desired, the Colonel wrote to John Adams, who was then attending the Continental Congress at Philadelphia, showing how the thing could be done. Adams replies to this effect: "I have a great opinion of your knowledge and judgment from long experience, concerning the channels and islands in Boston Harbor; but I confess your opinion that the harbor might be blocked up, and seamen and soldiers made prisoners at discretion, was too bold and enterprising for me, who am not very apt to startle at a daring proposal; but I believe I may safely promise you powder enough in a little time for any purpose whatever."

It is not a whit unlikely that personal considerations may have spurred on the gallant Colonel's inventive genius, because we know that the fleet was continually marauding or foraging on the neighboring shores or islands, thus keeping the inhabitants, who, like Colonel Quincy, had anything to lose, in perpetual alarm. In one of Mrs. Adams' letters we read that after a visit of condolence she was making at the Colonel's, most of the family returned home with her, in consequence of some new alarm, to find a refuge more remote from danger. Indeed, the mansion was such a prominent and tempting object that it is really a wonder how it escaped a visit.

Colonel Quincy scratched on the window-pane with a diamond the date when that exasperating fleet, to his great joy, finally stood out of the bay under a press of sail, while the Continental drums

were beating "Yankee Doodle" in Boston streets. The grim satisfaction with which the old colonel watched the enemy's departing ships was dashed with bitterness: for one son was on board as an exiled royalist, and, of course, his father's political enemy.

The name of this son, however, was Samuel, and not Josiah.

But Colonel Quincy had still another son, the Josiah Quincy Jr., of that period, whose memoirs, first written by his son Josiah, have since been revised by his granddaughter, Eliza Susan Quincy, in a manner every way worthy the subject. Josiah Quincy Jr., as he is still called, from his having died in his father's lifetime, had a great mind imprisoned in a feeble body. He was admitted to the bar in the good old days when bar-meetings were held in the coffee-houses, and the barristers drank punch or flip while questioning a candidate. For the life of us we cannot keep a sober face when we recall how John Adams groaned in spirit over the admission of Quincy into a profession he thought overcrowded. What would he have said of Webster's famous—"There is room enough at the top"?

Young Quincy threw himself into the patriot cause with all the zeal of an ardent nature that self-interest could not curb or fear suppress. He was a born orator. With John Adams he defended Captain Preston, who was tried by the civil authorities for causing what was so long called the Boston Massacre, against the wishes of his best friends. Even his own honored father upbraided him after this fashion—"Good God! is it possible? I will not believe it."

It required no small amount of moral courage to set at defiance not only public opinion, in this case almost unanimous against the prisoner, but also that of one's best friends, merely to further the cause of pure justice. Preston's acquittal was the making of Quincy's reputation as a lawyer.

In 1774 Mr. Quincy was in London, whence he wrote to his friend Joseph Reed, of Philadelphia: "My heart is with you, and,

whenever my countrymen command, my person shall be also." But Quincy's fame as a most zealous patriot had preceded him. By some he was looked upon as an emissary and a dangerous man. They were not far wrong. While in London, Quincy, with Franklin, had had the honor of being publicly mentioned in the House of Lords by Lord Hillsborough, who said that there were three men then walking the streets of London who ought to be in Newgate or Tyburn. On his return home the gifted and patriotic Quincy died in sight of his native shores. A more promising life never closed more prematurely or more dramatically. In speaking of him John Adams said he was the greatest orator of his age next to Otis.

Nothing is easier than to write the biography of the third Josiah Quincy. Wherever you may go in Boston you are sure to see or hear of some evidence to the breadth and genius of his enterprises, and the vigor of his execution of them. The Quincy Market-house and the long ranges of granite warehouses standing on land that he reclaimed from the filthy basins into which the tide had flowed, the mammoth State-street block, are among his monuments; and he deserves unstinted praise, the more, for having met and overcome the full power of that *vis inertiae* for which the Boston of his day was remarkable. Mr. Cotting and Mr. Quincy prostrated old-foggydom in its stronghold with the one magical word "Progress."

Mr. Quincy, again, was a representative in Congress during the exciting sessions of the War of 1812. He was, as his constituents expected him to be, a strong anti-war man, and made some pretty incisive speeches against Mr. Madison's war policy. A man of his pronounced character and outspoken ways very soon aroused the hostility of the so-called fire-eaters of the lower chamber, and it is said he once narrowly missed having a duel on his hands. He became the subject of party caricature, and was even openly denounced as a British partisan, as were all opponents of that most unpalatable contest.

After serving as the second Mayor of Boston, Mr. Quincy became, in 1829, President of Harvard University. In executive ability, and in his short, sharp, and decisive method of dealing with questions perplexing or difficult, there could scarcely be a greater contrast than between Josiah Quincy and Edward Everett, his successor. If at times a trifle despotic, the former certainly gave to the University that sound business-like administration which its growing needs more and more demanded, and by which it no doubt largely profited, as Mr. Quincy was not the kind of man to let the old cobwebs stay his renovating hand. It was to his incumbency of the presidency that we owe the very full history of the University, as the successor to Peirce's work, published in 1833. President Quincy's volumes bear the stamp of his individuality throughout. Gore Hall, the beautiful depository of the college library, was also his work.

The fourth Josiah Quincy also became a Mayor of Boston. It was during his term of office that the Cochituate water took the place of the irregular and insufficient supplies obtained from the Jamaica Pond Aqueduct or the old town wells. It was a great day for Boston, and a proud one for Mayor Quincy, when this beneficent work was crowned with complete success, in the presence of a vast multitude, who had gathered to see the waters of a lake eighteen miles away made the willing servant of every householder in the metropolis. Edmund, another son of President Quincy, is chiefly known as a fearless anti-slavery writer, though he is also the author of a novel, entitled "Wensley," which won praise from so good a judge of fiction as the poet Whittier, and of a life of his honored father. As one of the most earnest Abolitionists—a name, by the by, not now nearly so hateful to ears polite as it once was—Mr. Quincy frequently filled the editorial chair of *The Liberator* in Mr. Garrison's absence. Miss Eliza S. Quincy is also an author, having, in addition to the work of revision already referred to, assisted her father in the preparation of his valuable "History of Harvard University," besides having, in 1861, got out for private

distribution, a memoir of her mother — at once an affectionate tribute, and a most interesting story of personal reminiscence.

This necessarily hasty glance at the leading Quincys (modesty only forbids a reference to the younger generation) suggested by strolling over their ancestral acres, will do all it pretends to, in unearthing to this generation one of the foundation-stones of that social structure represented by what we love to call our old families. Its history begins at the beginning, and is perhaps not yet ended. Any one may clearly see how widespread the influence of such a family becomes through intermarriage, in six or seven generations. The record of sustained intellectual effort throughout all these years is truly a remarkable instance of heredity. We also have in this old mansion not only a point of departure but a *point d'appui* — a breathing-place on which to lean while vainly striving to solve that unsolvable question of "What is the future American to be like?" If what he is to be shall prove worthy of what he has been we think the Republic need have no fear for its future.

BIRTHPLACES OF THE TWO PRESIDENTS ADAMS

QUINCY, MASS.

WE have thus far opened at one point only the historical vein which divides with its granite Quincy's claim to world-wide celebrity. We now propose to follow that vein wherever it may lead us. Meantime, the way we take leaves us full liberty to indulge our rambling propensity.

England has been called a lump of chalk. New England may be likened to a block of granite but thinly covered with soil, and cropping out here and there in masses which the earlier English explorers described, with a shudder, as "daunting terrible." With Yankee quickness we have seized upon our native bed-rock as a type of the indestructible. We have our Granite State. That tickles our vanity. We have our Granite Bank. That smacks of a solidity as immovable as that of the everlasting hills. Some scientists are fond of deducing a certain connection between the character of a people and the structure of that portion of the earth's crust they inhabit. Should we accept this dogma as true, the analogy between the average Englishman and his chalk, and the average Yankee and his granite, would be curious indeed.

Geologically considered, no more interesting pathway could be selected than the one lying through Roxbury and Dorchester. For some few miles nothing is seen except the ever-recurring substratum of pudding-stone. The roadside walls, the foundations of the houses, and even many of the public and private buildings, are built of this curious conglomerate, so aptly named, and so full of indigestible plums. From this formation we quickly pass on to the granite

range, first called Braintree-stone, from the earlier name of Quincy. Before these quarries were opened, the outcropping stone was more or less used in building. Its color was a rusty brown, instead of the fine dark gray of that since excavated. King's Chapel, in Boston, built in 1754, is a good example of Braintree-stone as first employed, as well as of the stone-worker's skill as it then existed.

When we reflect that the ice and granite, which our fathers found so forbidding, have proved such inexhaustible sources of wealth to us, we may well excuse their want of foresight, for no one in his sober senses would have believed there was any value in either. Neal and Josselyn, for instance, could hardly have foreseen that the one would be exported to Calcutta or the other to San Francisco, or that, in quick obedience to the law of demand and supply, the first railway (supposing they had ever dreamed of such a thing) would be built in New England for no other purpose than the removal of manufactured granite from the quarries to tide-water. It is the boast of England that her national airs may be heard in every quarter of the known globe. So be it. Thanks to his ice, the American may have his national drinks in every quarter of the globe—his "cocktail" in Shanghai, his "julep" at Grand Cairo, and his "cobbler" in Melbourne, all cooled with American ice. We leave it to the decision of the reader which is the more exhilarating to national pride or more stimulating to national vanity.

Nearly the whole southwestern section of Quincy is one solid mass of granite, rising hundreds of feet above the sea-level. As we have just said, the first railway in New England was here put in operation, in 1826, for the purpose of carrying the granite destined for building Bunker Hill Monument from the quarries to tide-water, on Neponset River. The rails were of wood, plated with iron, and laid on blocks of stone, the gauge being six feet. The carriages weighed about six tons each, and when loaded with twenty tons of stone, were easily drawn by one horse. Before the great fire of

1872, the business part of Boston was so largely built of Quincy granite as to give it a certain character of its own. Yet it must be confessed, in spite of a very natural predilection for home products, that the long ranges of granite buildings had a gloomy and unpleasing effect as contrasted with the greater variety of materials, to say nothing of the greatly improved architectural taste, as exhibited in the rebuilding.

Since we were speaking of railroads only a moment ago, it may not be out of place to state a fact going to show how this everyday-affair of our own times was regarded when first presented to the ignorant but struggling mind. There is, I am informed by one who has seen it set down in black and white on the Quincy records, the protest of a much worked-up citizen against allowing the Old Colony railroad to pass through the town, on the ground that the noise would prevent his hens from laying.

In our way to the central part of Quincy we shall pass by the beautiful and commanding eminence known as Mount Wollaston, to which reference was made in the previous chapter, as being the paternal estate and lifelong abode of Hon. John Quincy, in the good old colony times. It afterwards became the property of his great-grandson, John Quincy Adams. As this Mount Wollaston is the chosen emblem for the city seal we cannot do better than relate why it was put there.

Quincy, let us first mention, is remarkable as the scene of the first attempt to set up a Commune in America. It even goes back of Brook Farm and that community. It was really of by no means so dangerous a character as the Paris Commune, which arose on the ruins of the Second Empire. Yet it nevertheless caused the friends of law, order, and good morals, great uneasiness, not to say alarm, for the time being, and eventually had to be broken up by force. One sees that there really is no new thing under the sun.

In 1625 (we recollect that this was five years before Boston was settled) a certain Captain Wollaston, whose connection with

this episode is about all we know of him or are likely to know, began a colony in what is now Quincy. Why in Quincy, rather than elsewhere? I think the true answer would be that he was drawn here by a mariner's instinct for some guiding landmark, conspicuous enough to be readily recognized, or at least not easily mistaken for any other. Behind this shore there rose the densely wooded Blue Hills, a most commanding landmark. Other reason there was none; because, all along here the waters are notably shallow at ebb-tide, a most serious drawback, as we readily discover. Having secured a proper landmark for those entering the harbor, the next thing was to pitch their own habitation where no ships could approach the harbor unseen — where, in short, they could see as well as be seen. "I must put these people where they can be found," was probably Captain Wollaston's idea; and so the eminence or mount then made choice of has ever since gone by his name -- Mount Wollaston.

In Wollaston's company came that singular individual known to our prolific orthography as a "crank" — Thomas Morton, "of Clifford's Inn, gent," who had before been among the Pilgrims at Plymouth, between whom and himself there was presently to grow up such a violent dislike. Wollaston soon sailed away to Virginia, with perhaps the most of his colonists, many of whom seem to have been bond-servants or persons who sold their services in consideration of the money advanced for their passage and subsistence, as he would the sooner get his money back there. That one simple fact is pretty decisive in determining the character of this colony, if not the key to what subsequently befell it. That such men would rather play than work is no new thing. Both Morton and his ignorant followers seem to have preferred a life of idleness and pleasure to one of such industry and toil as usually fell to the lot of new colonists. They thought it far easier to let the Indians work and hunt for them than to do either themselves. Free and jovial companions all, they seem to have tried to

get along without either law or gospel, admitting the Indians among them at all times with an almost contemptuous disregard for their own safety. Moreover, Morton seemed to take particular delight in scandalizing his neighbors, the hard-working, pious Pilgrims. Very many of his acts appear to have been conceived as much in a spirit of reckless deviltry as of studied malice. He introduced the old Bacchanalian rites, so abhorrent to the Puritans of that day. With all possible parade his followers cut down and dragged into the settlement a tall pine, which they set up for a May-pole, around which they danced, feasted, and drank, to the great scandal of the Pilgrims, who considered such conduct little short of impious.

So far as the community of Merry Mount — as Morton named Mount Wollaston — professed any religion at all, they appear to have followed the forms of the English Church. They finally gave just cause of offence to their neighbors by selling guns to the Indians; and Morton having repelled with derision the remonstrances of the Plymouth authorities, it was determined to put an end to the colony. So the redoubtable Miles Standish was despatched with a force to Merry Mount, where he seized Morton and the more unruly spirits, and carried them prisoners to Plymouth. The law of the strongest, an inexorable law in 1628, seems to have been exercised here in behalf of self-preservation.

Mount Wollaston having thus been the very first place within her bounds to receive any Christian settlers, is considered Quincy's original foundation; and though the name is now confined to one particular spot only, it was for many years the unique designation for all the region round about.

From Mount Wollaston to the railway station in Quincy is but a short distance. Though there is much here to detain us, it better accords with our design to pass on through the business centre, oblivious, if possible, to all its sights and sounds. We are first going farther, because there we shall best get the true historical perspective. A short mile farther on, the train, after passing within

a few rods of a group of ancient-looking dwellings, makes its first stop at the station called Quincy Adams. The eminence rising just beyond is Penn's Hill. Of the near-at-hand houses two are especially noted, one as the birthplace of John Adams, the other as that of his scarcely less distinguished son, John Quincy Adams. In one of those not unfrequent moods to which he sometimes gave way



HOME OF JOHN ADAMS.

when care weighed too heavily upon him, the elder Adams wrote down impulsively: "I had rather build wall on Penn's Hill than be the first prince of Europe, or the first general or first senator of America." And his accomplished wife speaks always to the heart of every truly domestic woman when she says: "My humble cottage at the foot of Penn's Hill has more charms for me than the drawing-room at St. James's." These two very characteristic utterances, surprising as they seem in presence of the things actually

wished for, furnish the keynote to our investigations. Where indeed should we look for better evidence of the truth of that saying that no house is so humble but that a great man may be born in it? Humble, forsooth! Nothing, we insist, could so shatter the superficial observer's sentimental expectations as this unobtrusive mediocrity. In all candor we are at first more than half tempted to doubt whether the elder Adams spoke in all seriousness about building wall, or his accomplished wife in downright sober earnest about going back to her lowly cot. Yet that is precisely the feeling which inspired the immortal line,

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home."

We know that we are susceptible to it, if we cannot tell why.

As it was this very old house which undoubtedly awakened the tenderest memories of these two lives, let us also go back to the period it recalls. Like Joan of Arc's banner, it had been with them in their struggling days, it should not be forgotten in those of their greatest honor. The honest heart knows no distinctions of fame or fortune.

Of John Adams' parents little is known. His father was a small farmer who also worked at shoemaking—a quite common employment, we may add, not only in his day, but down to a comparatively recent one among farmers, during the long New England winters, as a means of eking out a slender income. He was also a deacon of the church, so that we have vouchers both for his industry and piety. We also know that he had in him something of the grim Puritan humor. We hope that John Adams was not more ashamed of his father's honest calling than of his own humble birth. In the day of bitter political animosities, however, it did not fail to be remembered against him, and thus cruelly cast in his teeth:

"Gods! how they'd stare, should fickle Fortune drop
The mushroom lordlings where she picked them up,
In tinkers', cobblers', or book-binders' shop."

Of John Adams' mother we know even less. The life of a farmer's wife was not apt to be a bed of roses in those days. But there is one thing which speaks volumes. It is said that up to his dying day John Adams never omitted to repeat, at bed-time, that dear little prayer of infancy, first learned no doubt at his mother's knee from out of the well-thumbed old New England Primer :

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Both parents came from good old Puritan stock, and that is much; for we are not now apologizing for the Puritan, and are consoled by Mr. Gladstone's recent declaration that Puritanism is a "Great Fact." Coming from a Churchman who once held that all the Dissenters in England should be ineligible to office, this also is much.

Seated on an old stone wall near by, I tried to imagine young John Adams, stripped to his shirt and smalls, ditching in yonder meadow, as the parental alternative to the detested Latin grammar. He declares that he found ditching harder than the grammar, and the first forenoon the longest he ever experienced. From having first jumped at the offer, he finally had to put his pride in his pocket, and go back to study again, as his father no doubt knew he would; for the elder Adams, honest man! meant that his son should be something better than he himself was, though he did not live to see his hopes more than realized. Like a great many other men who have become famous, John Adams, we infer from the anecdote, was a dull scholar. We can well imagine what scraping and saving it must have cost his father to send him to Harvard. From this time forward his story is that of the hard-working student who is filled with magnificent aspirations without the means of gratifying them. After leaving college he studied law, teaching school at the same time for a living. Then, while still poor and friendless, came his first triumph of being admitted to the Suffolk bar; and three years later his father died, leaving him this farm.

Here in Quincy he began the practice of law. Being thus installed as head of the family at the age of twenty-six, John Adams be-thought him, like most young men, of a helpmeet; and as we conceive this happy thought of his to have been the true incentive and life-long inspiration of his career, let us endeavor to sketch the portrait of the lady. As some one has so justly observed, since so much has been said about the sufferings of the forefathers, why not say something too about the sufferings of the foremothers, who, in addition to those trials common to both, had also to endure the forefathers themselves.

Miss Abigail Smith, second daughter of the Rev. William Smith of Weymouth, had as much education as was usual with young ladies of her day. She had never been sent to any school. A clergyman's daughter was, however, considered as having as much better opportunities than other girls in this respect as in her social standing. But in this case, Miss Smith seems to have derived her training chiefly from her grandmother Quincy, of Mount Wollaston, with whom she spent a good deal of her time, very profitably if we may judge by results. It is here that the reader's curiosity touching the union of the names Quincy-Adams is first gratified. Miss Smith's mother was the daughter of Hon. John Quincy of Mount Wollaston.

We are free to say that after a reperusal of Mrs. Adams' admirable "Letters," nothing is clearer than that she made her few advantages go a great way.

John Adams courted, and in 1764 married his lady-love, when she was twenty. A few months before this happy event occurred, the young barrister had been inoculated (as the custom then was) with the small-pox, so that his love-letters had to be well fumi-gated before reading. Her maiden letters to him — such as we have seen — are full of the light bantering of a high-spirited Beatrice, who, for fear of letting her love be seen, shows it in every word and line. John Adams, you were truly a lucky man.

When the engagement began to be noised about, we learn that considerable feeling was manifested among Parson Smith's flock because of his letting his daughter make so poor a match. The old antipathy to the profession of the law, which had so long kept lawyers out of the Colony, was not yet extinct. A confused notion was abroad that to be learned in the law was not far different from being learned in the Black Art. People will talk. Mr. Smith could not fail to hear of what was in the air from the gossips, and he hit upon a somewhat novel way of rebuking it. After the marriage ceremony, a sermon was often preached, as people were not then in such a hurry to have things over with as they are now. Before proceeding on this occasion Mr. Smith gave out the text: "For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, *He hath a devil.*"

For the next ten years the young couple lived sometimes here, at the old homestead, sometimes at Boston, according as the demands for professional services or the sittings of the courts required. Allusion has already been made to the employment of Adams in that celebrated case of the King against Captain Preston and his men, by which all of the prisoners' counsel made reputations.

Up to this time the young barrister was not much in public life, yet he was often absent travelling the circuits, so leaving his young wife much alone, with a little family growing up around her; for in these ten years a daughter and three sons were born to them. The day of separation came. In 1774 Adams was sent a delegate to Philadelphia. It will probably never be known just how much John Adams owed to his vigorous-minded, yet thoroughly womanly wife, at this, the important crisis of his life. Not that we believe him to have been vacillating or irresolute, but that we know her mind was made up from the first, and was, as woman's mind generally is when made up, fixed and unchangeable. It was she who was called upon to bear all the real burdens, to make all the real sacrifices, and yet seem to do it all so cheerfully that her

absent husband might have no excuse for not standing up to his duty like a man on her account. Though those well-fed delegates were well out of harm's reach, they loved to have their little joke about the hangman's noose. Hers was the post of real danger. With the siege of Boston came that sinister train of daily happenings to which John Adams was fortunately a stranger. In one of her letters to him she says, "The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep." In another, "You can hardly imagine how much we want many common small articles; not one pin to be purchased for love or money." In another, "I have been like a nun in a cloister ever since you went away, and have not been into any other house than my father's and sister's except Colonel Quincy's." They did not live that way at Philadelphia, it is certain.

During this time of trial we now and then hear of little Johnny acting as post-rider between Boston and Braintree; and we have somewhere read that the minute-men actually melted up his mother's silver spoons for bullets, not at all on account of their supposed superior efficacy in using up a "regular," but because of the great scarcity of lead.

Mrs. Adams gives a most graphic description of the patriot camps, and of the new-fledged generals — how they looked, spoke, and acted. She relates how this house shook in the terrible bombardment by which Washington masked his seizure of Dorchester Heights. There is no such day-to-day, absolutely truthful reporter of these momentous events as she. Little John Quincy Adams, then in his ninth year, was now the man of the house. From this same Penn's Hill over against us he and his mother saw the thick black smoke arising from burning Charlestown on the dreadful day of Bunker Hill; and, during all the continuance of the siege, the lad ascended the hill every evening to see the shells thrown by the opposing armies — to him only a brilliant pyrotechnic display.

Enough has been said to show in what kind of school Mrs. Adams

was reared. Her native refinement of mind is visible in the son who is known to us as "The old man eloquent." "The cradle-hymns of the child were the songs of liberty."

That was probably a proud though sad day in this household when that bluff old sea-dog, Captain Tucker, came up to Braintree in his barge to take John Adams on board his ship, as ambassador to France. The frigate *Boston* was lying out in Nantasket Road waiting for him, and on February 15th she sailed away under a press of canvas. Sir Henry Wotton once defined an ambassador as "an honest gentleman sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." We are not informed how Mr. Adams may have acquitted himself in this respect; but it is mentioned for the purpose of drawing attention to the fact that young John here began his apprenticeship in the school of diplomacy — a calling in which he was destined to be hardly less distinguished than his father.

John Q. was not quite eleven when he went with his father to France. We feel that the mother's heart must have been wrung by this separation from her boy, yet she was equal to it. At fourteen he was Minister Dana's private secretary at St. Petersburg; and at a later period he became minister to that court himself, where no less than three Bostonians have served in a like capacity. It was he who so happily hit off Siberia, which he said contained malachite and malefactors. He also said this was about all that was known about it among the Russians. But we are not writing his biography; we are merely suggesting the mother's influence as potent in shaping this young man's career, in moulding his cast of thought, in softening the asperities which we so frequently encounter in the elder Adams. In this family there have been no gamblers, *roués*, or drunkards. Public life did not necessarily lead to indulgence in vice or debauchery. This is what we should call applied Puritanism.

There is a pleasing glimpse of "little Johnny," the oldest boy and future President of the United States, in a letter written by John Adams from France, to his kinsman Samuel Adams, who has been

decorated with the significant title of "The Last of the Puritans." The letter says: "The child whom you used to lead out into the Common to see with detestation the British troops, and with pleasure the Boston militia, will have the honor to deliver you this letter. He has since seen the troops of most nations in Europe, without any ambition, I hope, of becoming a military man. He thinks of the bar and peace, and civil life, and I hope will follow and enjoy them with



HOME OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

less interruption than his father could. I think it no small proof of his discretion that he chooses to go to New England rather than to Old. You and I know that it will probably be more for his honor and his happiness in the result, but young gentlemen of eighteen do not always see through the same medium with old ones of fifty."

The reply is equally eloquent of a robust patriotism. It says: "The child whom I led by the hand with a particular design, I find is now become a promising youth. He brought me one of your

letters. God bless the lad! If I was instrumental at that time of enkindling the sparks of patriotism in his tender heart, it will add to my consolation in the latest hour."

But if Sam Adams was thus proud of kindling "the sparks of patriotism" in just one youthful heart, John Adams may truthfully be said to have caused a regular conflagration by his famous utterance that the Fourth of July "ought to be celebrated with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward evermore." With John Adams these occasional eruptions tend to show the slumbering fires beneath a somewhat cold exterior; and while probably no utterance ever called forth such unbounded enthusiasm on the one hand, or such execration on the other, we are sure it was the heartfelt tribute of an honest man who loved his country as well as he had served it faithfully.

To return to the house itself, of whose exact age we have no certain knowledge beyond the year of John Adams' birth (though it looks old enough to date at any time since the settlement of the town, and is of the prevailing type of that early time): we find it stated that Henry Adams, the English emigrant, settled at Mount Wollaston (of which Quincy now forms a part), and that from his time onward the successive generations of the family continued to live on the same farm, down to the birth of John Adams, who, in his turn, transmitted it to his son.

Though considerably the older of the two houses now standing nearly side by side, this one has much the more modern appearance, in consequence of its being better kept up, while the other shows unmistakable signs of neglect. I suppose that hundreds of people visit the place every year, drawn thither by curiosity or the gratification of a more laudable feeling, who are equally struck with the want of local pride as shown in these historic homes. There ought to be, and it is devoutly to be hoped yet may be, a better appreciation of the fact that most people will go farther to see one such

humble dwelling as this, with its consecrated memories, than all the palatial residences reared by wealth. A pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon is different from a pilgrimage to Quincy only in degree.

The house in which John Adams first went to housekeeping, and in which his son John Quincy Adams was born, should be of somewhat later date, though from having escaped modern alterations it looks older than the other. From 1800 to 1804, Rev. Peter Whitney, pastor of the First Congregational Society, lived in it. But from the time of Mrs. Adams' departure from it, in 1784, to join her husband in London, to resign the care of her cows and her kitchen garden for routs and receptions (very cavalier receptions too, they were, from certain royal personages), to play the fine lady, and, in short, to be the representative of a great triumph to those to whom it was only a great humiliation, the personal associations with the old home which had become so endeared to her were broken up forever. We can imagine the look she must have cast around her when turning away from the home to which she had been taken as a bride, where her children had been born, and whose every tree and shrub, every stick and stone, she would impress on her memory by one all-embracing look. Undoubtedly women have a much stronger attachment for locality than men. It is Fontenelle, I think, who says that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain, than men. Who will write the true history of the women of the Revolution? *Place aux dames.*

THE ADAMS MANSION

QUINCY, MASS.

THE previous chapters contained a brief sketch of the more notable localities of Quincy, Massachusetts, and of the birthplaces of the two Presidents Adams. The fine old mansion now before us is associated with their public and private lives after they had reached exalted positions. It will easily be recognized by hundreds of pilgrims who have been drawn to the spot by its manifold associations.

In this house we realize our ideal of what a fine old colonial mansion ought to be. Though a plain, gambrel-roofed building, there is an air of snug and substantial comfort, an atmosphere of undoubted refinement, of well-earned ease, about it. The sun shines brightly in at the windows through the over-shading tree-branches, in whose foliage the birds twitter and chirrup as we approach the balconied porch. There are some fine old trees, box-bordered walks, conservatories, and flower-beds, set off by spaces of smooth-shaven turf, in the grounds about it. The old barn, with its antique weather-vane, which formerly stood below the mansion, was long ago removed to make room for the railway, which, in passing, has ploughed a deep furrow through a corner of the estate. Since then a new avenue has been laid out through it to Mount Wollaston. But its dimensions are still ample. Behind the dwelling the grounds descend by a natural slope to a little brook, which goes gurgling along under the willows and down to the sea beyond.

The house, built long before the Revolution by a Mr. Vassall, is the creation of several owners, and embodies as many different periods, though each of the occupants, in enlarging or altering,

according to his own ideas or needs, seems to have wisely kept in view the harmony of the exterior as a whole. The elder Adams became the purchaser of the mansion shortly after the Peace of 1783, since which time it has remained in the Adams family, Mr. Charles Francis Adams having, like his predecessors, caused some changes to be made, both without and within.



THE ADAMS MANSION, QUINCY, MASS.

It would fatigue the reader if I were to enumerate half the objects of interest to be seen within the four walls of the mansion. The rooms are filled with antique furniture, either family heirlooms, or even more curious specimens of foreign make brought from the Hague by the elder Adams—substantial tokens of the land of ditches, dikes, and burgomasters. There were tall chests of drawers, of solid mahogany, with wonderful brasses and fantastically curved legs; and one portly Dutch bureau in particular, that looked as

if it might have contained the household effects of the Prince of Orange when he was fighting with Alva, or have come down through a regular succession of their high mightinesses until it fell into the possession of our ambassador at the Hague. Ginevra might have lain concealed in it, and then have made room for all her bridesmaids without the fatal results the poet discourses of.

It seems a little strange, perhaps, that we should know more about the domestic lives of our great men through strangers than through the nearer medium of our own citizens. In the language of the old saying, one must go away from home to learn the news. We are now speaking of the past. For the modern interviewer there are no barriers; for the unfortunate possessor of a great reputation there is no corner that he can call his own. The domestic life of such a man as President Adams is, however, something in which we may be permitted to indulge a pardonable curiosity, without prying too closely into family affairs, so closely is that curiosity allied to the feelings of veneration we have for the man himself.

Mr. Henry Bradshaw Fearon, a well educated Englishman and an observing traveller, visited Boston in 1817, and was taken out to see the venerable ex-president by the late Charles Francis Adams. We will let the visitor describe what he saw and heard in his own way:

"The ex-president," he says, "is a handsome old gentleman of eighty-four; his lady is seventy-six (neither is correct); — she has the reputation of superior talents and great literary acquirements. Upon the present occasion the minister (the day being Sunday) was of the dinner party. As the table of a '*late King*' may be amusing, take the following particulars: first course—a pudding made of Indian corn, molasses, and butter; second—veal, bacon, neck of mutton, potatoes, cabbages, carrots, and Indian beans; Madeira wine, of which each drank two glasses. We sat down to dinner at one o'clock: at two, nearly all went a second time to church. For tea we had pound-cake, wheat bread and butter, and bread

made of Indian corn and rye (similar to our brown, home-made). Tea was brought from the kitchen, and handed round by a neat white servant girl. The topics of conversation were various — England, America, religion, politics, literature, science and Dr. Priestley, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Kean, France, Shakespeare, Moore, Lord Byron, Cobbett, American Revolution, the traitor, General Arnold."

We are thus made acquainted with what the polite world was talking about at that interesting period.

Mr. Fearon goes on to describe the homestead itself: "The establishment of this political patriarch consists of a house two stories high, containing, I believe, eight rooms; of two men and three maid servants; three horses and a plain carriage. How great a contrast between the individual — a man of knowledge and information — without pomp, parade, or vicious and expensive establishments, as compared with the costly trappings, the depraved characters, and the profligate expenditure of — House and —! What a lesson *in this* does America teach!"

The intelligent reader can have no difficulty in filling up the blanks.

One year later, October, 1818, Mrs. Adams was carried out of the house of which she had so long been the chief ornament to be laid away in the tomb. Though short, Jefferson's affectionate letter of condolence can hardly be read even now with dry eyes. After perusing it, it is not so surprising that Jefferson's should be the last name on the ex-president's lips, or to find that a new bond had drawn these two widely dissimilar natures closely together, as they neared the end of life's long journey.

The apartment in which John Adams passed the evening of his life, after old age had rendered him too feeble to go abroad, contains a massive four-post bedstead, with curiously carved legs, also brought from Holland, and on which the venerable ex-president breathed his last. The good taste which preserves everything in the room

in the same condition in which it was left by him is an unfailing gratification to those who may have enjoyed the privilege of inspecting the domestic, unartificial life of this great and good man.

We also have an account of an interview with the venerable ex-President so late as April, 1825, written by a lady whose "Sketches" are all but unknown to the present generation. She writes as follows: "In one of these excursions, I paid my respects to the ex-President Adams, of Quincy. My heart beat high as I knocked at his door, which was opened by a servant. I told her I wished to see Mr. Adams if he was not too much indisposed (having heard he had been unwell.) She withdrew, and in a few minutes a most enchanting female (Mrs. Smith) entered the parlor. I handed her my address, and desired her to present it to the President. She returned in a moment and asked me to walk up-stairs. I followed her, and took the precedence in entering the chamber of this venerable patriarch. I found the dear old man sitting up before the fire. He would have risen, but I flew forward to prevent him. He pressed my hand with ardor and inquired after my health."

After some general conversation, in answer to inquiries about himself, he replied, "That he was then eighty-nine years and six months old; a monstrous time," he added, "for one human being to support." He could walk about the room, he said, and even down-stairs, though he was at that time very feeble. His teeth were entirely gone, and his eyesight much impaired; he could just see the window, he said, and the weather-vane that stood out before it, but retained his hearing perfectly. His face did not bear the marks of age in proportion to his years; nor did he show the marks of decay in his appearance, with the exception of his teeth, and his legs, which were evidently much reduced. He was dressed in a green camblet morning-gown, with his head uncovered, except his venerable locks, which were perfectly white. Like a calm evening sun, he is imperceptibly gliding to lighten other worlds."

Within a little more than a twelvemonth the good old man had gone to that bourn whence no traveller returns. He was attended during his last illness by Louisa Smith, the niece and adopted daughter of Mrs. Abigail Adams, who stated that the last words uttered by the dying statesman were, "Thomas Jefferson." The rest was inarticulate. This was at 1 P.M., July 4th, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of that independence he had done so much towards achieving.

Another apartment, which I believe to be unique, deserves mention, as in no other of our old New England mansions have I seen its like. It is wainscoted from floor to ceiling in mahogany. The wood has acquired with age a deep rich color, that harmonizes well with the pictured tiles, tall fire-irons, and antique furniture. It did not speak so well for the taste of the elder Adams that he had caused the paneling of this room to be covered with a coat of white paint, which it had cost much labor to remove.

The portraits in this room keep touch and time with the furniture. They are especially interesting as specimens of the first century of American art. As all the ceilings throughout the house are very low, giving not more than seven, or seven and a half feet of clear space, the paintings are not seen to the best advantage. In the first room I entered were the well-known portraits of John Adams and his wife, Abigail Adams, both Stuarts. The former is the original from which the portrait by Longacre was engraved; the latter was engraved by Stone for the National Portrait Gallery. Her death occurred in 1818. Hanging between these two beautiful likenesses was, I think, the gem of the room, a portrait of John Quincy Adams at the age of twenty, done in England, by Copley, while John Adams, an old acquaintance of the painter, was resident there. It is altogether a fine canvas, representing a very handsome young man, with clear, expressive eye, thin but finely-cut nose, and thin lips—a distinguishing peculiarity of the Adamses. The coloring is superb. Among portraits of unknown artists is a full length of little John Quincy, at the age of perhaps six years, for whom the town and second President Adams are named.

The dress is very quaint, and nearly coincident with the settlement of the country.

Another portrait is that of Colonel William Stephens Smith, of New York, who was at one time on Baron Steuben's staff, and afterward a member of the military family of Washington. Colonel Smith married, in London, Abigail, the only daughter of John Adams, whose secretary of legation he was. It will be remembered that in the memorable affair of Trenton, Smith was acting as aide-de-camp to General Sullivan, who commanded the advance. After crossing the Delaware, Sullivan, wholly dazed at finding his men's ammunition spoiled by the rain and sleet, sent off Smith to Washington with the unwelcome news, and to ask for further orders. The general was found just getting ready to mount his horse. Smith declared that he could never forget, to his dying day, the startling vehemence with which Washington exclaimed, "Go back, Sir, and tell General Sullivan to go on!"

We have often been struck by the historical parallel furnished to this brilliant master-stroke by Napoleon when, after retreating almost to the gates of Paris, he suddenly turned on his pursuers, and with only fifteen thousand men fought the bloody combat at Montereau, putting to rout thirty-five thousand of the allied troops, who were as far from expecting such an onslaught as Howe, Cornwallis, or Rahl were at Trenton. Napoleon is reported to have said, "Now I am as near Vienna as they are to Paris." With equal truth Washington might have said, "Now I am as near New York as they are to Philadelphia."

Mrs. Smith's portrait by Copley was, if I am not mistaken, destroyed by fire; but there is a capital engraved likeness taken from it in Griswold's "The Republican Court."

Colonel Smith is said to have stood for the limbs of Washington, in the full-length portrait by Stuart, that formerly hung in Faneuil Hall, Boston, though I have heard that the painter always insisted that the legs were his own. Be that as it may, it is certain that

Stuart, upon being once asked to describe Washington's figure, said very bluntly, that his lower limbs were better suited to the saddle than to grace a drawing-room.

The portraits of John Quincy Adams, by Stuart, and of Mrs. Louisa Catherine Adams, hung in the bed-chamber before alluded to, at the head of the bed. The former, although not so satisfactory to the family, as a likeness, is the one best known to the public. I did not recognize, in the portrait of Mrs. Adams, the well-known canvas of Leslie. Besides these, which have become in a sense public property, through frequent reproduction in engravings, there is a portrait of John Adams, at the age of ninety, also painted by Stuart. A full length of the same subject, one of Copley's best works, and another of J. Q. Adams, by Stuart, were, at the time of this visit, in Memorial Hall, Cambridge. The first picture was placed in the custody of Mr. Nicholas Boylston, while Mr. Adams was absent from the country, and was by that gentleman committed to the keeping of Harvard University. Nicholas Boylston, it may be mentioned, in passing, was one of Harvard's many benefactors, and the founder of the professorship bearing his name, of which John Quincy Adams first occupied the chair. It was of this identical picture, as I have heard, that the senior Adams, when looking at his counterfeit, frankly observed, "That fellow could never keep his mouth shut."

I ought not to omit mention of the portrait of General Washington, in his Continental uniform, by Edward Savage, a painter little known in this country. The picture possesses little merit beyond that of being an undoubted likeness, as attested by John Adams; the artist had no genius for coloring, nor for those inspired touches that put life into a face. This one is flabby, heavy, leaden. Another portrait, of Lady Washington, by the same hand, with a head-dress "fearfully and wonderfully made," hangs by the side of that of the general. Savage was in this country about 1791. He also painted General Knox, and engraved copies of this work on copper-plate.

After an hour agreeably passed, where every object recalled some interesting event, I took a turn in the library, which is a separate building of stone, erected by Mr. C. F. Adams for the reception of his father's books and manuscripts. It contains a single spacious and airy apartment, contiguous to the residence, and is as cheerful-looking a workshop as any literary man could wish for. The shelves are filled from floor to ceiling with valuable books and manuscripts. Among these treasures are a number of bound folios containing the voluminous correspondence of the elder Adams, which has, in connection with his diary, formed the body for the elaborate work of his grandson. The numerous autographs of most of the distinguished public characters of his time, on both sides of the water, give to these volumes a rare interest, as well as great intrinsic worth. The private library of John Adams was given to the town of Quincy, for the use of the Adams Academy, which he founded by liberal donations of lands, on the condition that the building should be erected of stone on the spot where his friends Colonel Quincy and Josiah Quincy once resided, and where John Hancock, the patriot, was born. This house was built by John Hancock's father. The cellar could be seen until the Academy was built.

The library is furnished with a long writing-table and a chair or two, but no other furniture — evidence that it was meant for work. On entering, a kit-kat portrait of Mr. C. F. Adams is the first thing that meets the eye. It is by Hunt, and no one can fail to be struck by the marked resemblance between father and son, as exhibited in their portraits, even if he had never seen the originals. I must content myself with the briefest notice of this favorite haunt of the statesman and man of letters. To one who delights in rambles among old books, this storehouse of so many busy brains, with its inviting coolness and seclusion, would prove an irresistible temptation to linger.

Mr. C. F. Adams' pen was a truly busy one. Besides the

letters of his grandmother, one of the most charming characters of her time, he has edited the "Life and Letters" of his grandfather, in ten thick volumes, and also the life of his father, J. Q. Adams, in itself a formidable undertaking, as the author was most thorough and exhaustive in his work. I do not undertake to speak of Mr. Adams' diplomatic services abroad during a great national crisis. It is enough to say that the regret which too often forces itself upon Americans that we have no trained diplomats, such as are turned out from the British Foreign Office, and are therefore forced to call untried men to posts of infinite responsibility, was changed to one of unqualified pride and admiration, that the nation had found in Mr. Adams a diplomatist of the first rank. In this connection it is instructive to take a leaf from his gifted father's diary, wherein he speaks his mind so freely in regard to this son's want of application, and in which he so thinly veils his own fears that the family traditions would not be kept up through the next generation as to suggest that the old saw, "It is a wise child who knows his own father," should be so transposed in this case as to read, "It is a wise father who knows his own son." But here is the extract in question. "Charles," he says, "has a great fondness for books, and a meditative mind, but neither disposition nor aptitude for public speaking or correct reading. Charles must teach himself all that he learns. He will learn nothing from others." His career has proved that he could hardly have had a better teacher than himself. Yet we can well remember when he was distinguished, by his political opponents, as "The last of the Adamses."

When Mr. Adams found himself in London *en route* to Geneva, he doubted if, under all the circumstances, an interview with his old antagonist, Lord John Russell, would be desirable, though their relations had always been friendly. The ex-premier, however, received Mr. Adams with genuine British cordiality, and remarked to another American, then in London, that, if the United States were wise,

they would keep Mr. Adams at St. James' for life. Lord John possessed the good old English trait of giving as well as of taking, and his blows were invariably returned with interest by our representative. Mrs. Adams was a daughter of Peter C. Brooks, one of the eminent merchants of old Boston. She died at Quincy, June 6, 1889. Edward Everett and Dr. Frothingham were also sons-in-law of Mr. Brooks.

To return for a moment to the house itself; many distinguished personages have been received in it. Lafayette, for instance, in 1825, found himself once more in presence of John Adams.

"That is not the John Adams I remember," said he, sadly shaking his head as he left the mansion.

"That is not the Lafayette I knew," echoed the patriarch.

As both had grown old since last they met, it is no wonder that each saw in the countenance of the other the ravages of time. Mr. Monroe, during his tour of the Eastern States, paid a visit to Mr. Adams, and passed a few hours in unconstrained chat with him, the pair walking arm-in-arm about the grounds like any two staid old gentlemen. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, after his arrival in this country, waited on the ex-President. Being accompanied by a young naval officer named Van Tromp, a descendant perhaps of the great Dutch admiral, when he was presented to Mr. Adams, the old man of ninety swung his hat in the air and shouted, "Hurrah for Van Tromp!" On this occasion the talk was all of Holland. The aged host recalled with undisguised pleasure the fact that he had induced the States to declare for the alliance with America, and that the English ambassador could not prevent it, notwithstanding his intrigues. It was then, when England had haughtily demanded satisfaction of the Dutch Republic, that the old Brummbär (the King of Prussia) expressed great displeasure, saying: "*Puisque les Anglais veulent la guerre avec tout le monde, ils l'auront.*"

The annals of the Adams family present some interesting coincidences. Father, son, and grandson have all been ministers at the

same court. Francis Dana, who was the first envoy of the United States to St. Petersburg, accompanied the elder Adams to Paris as secretary of legation in 1779. It was at this time that Madame de Vergennes naïvely said to Mr. Adams, as he was taking her out to dinner, "*Ah, Monsieur, vous êtes le Washington de négociation.*" John Quincy Adams was also our ambassador to St. Petersburg during the invasion by Napoleon. I have been tempted to contrast the conduct of Russia under the Empress Catherine II., when besought by England not to aid her rebellious subjects in America, with that of the British ministry during the late civil war in this country.

England endeavored by every means in her power to counteract the growing predilection of the empress toward America. Sir James Harris (Lord Malmesbury), then British minister to St. Petersburg, says that England offered, in 1781, to cede Minorca to Russia if that power would effect a peace between the former and France and Spain; no stipulation or agreement whatever to be made with regard to his majesty's rebellious subjects in America, "*who could never be suffered to treat through the medium of a foreign power.*" The negotiation was without success. The empress continued to use her good offices in behalf of America, even hinting that European peace might be had by England's renouncing the struggle she was making with her colonies. In 1781, suspecting some ships intended for privateers were building at Archangel, on American account, the empress gave orders that they should be stopped. She, however, exhibited an ill-concealed joy when the news of the surrender of Cornwallis reached St. Petersburg. The British envoy succeeded in preventing Mr. Dana's official recognition until after the exchange of ratifications, although the empress had expressed a willingness to grant him an audience on receiving the news of the preliminaries of peace.

In 1825, John Quincy Adams became President. Let us draw aside the curtain, and for a moment look at the President as he

appeared at his fortnightly receptions. The account from which we quote goes on to say: "We passed through a large vestibule or hall, and entered a circular room brilliantly lighted, where we found Mr. Adams and his lady, to each of whom I was formally introduced by my companion. Mr. Adams is a man of letters, a fine scholar, and a good statesman. His stature, you observe, is low, his head somewhat bald, and his eye watery, but full and penetrating. He is reserved, but not repulsive, charitable, though formal, and possessing great warmth of feeling under an exterior of apparent coldness. But, with your consent, we will take up a position where we shall be more convenient to the ices, which, I perceive, are just making their appearance."

John Quincy Adams had been intimate with Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Pitt. Like the elder Pitt, he died in harness. He was a man of extraordinary physical and intellectual vigor. Even as an octogenarian he was an early riser, taking long walks before other people were astir. His studies for the day were usually finished before he took his breakfast. He wrote and talked admirably. When he was minister at Berlin he wrote the "Letters on Silesia," published in London in 1804, from which Carlyle quotes in his "Frederick." The day before his last illness he composed a piece of poetry to a young lady. His letters to his sister were models in beauty of thought and expression; and his conversation was fascinating and instructive to a degree which few men have equaled. Born in the day of colonial vassalage, he lived to see his country a strong and prosperous republic.

When stricken down on the floor of the House, he had in his hand the memorial of M. Vattemare relative to his collection. The House was then considering a joint resolution of thanks to General Twiggs and other officers of our army in Mexico. The members arose in confusion, and Mr. Adams was carried into the Speaker's room in a dying condition. This was on the 21st of February, 1848. The senate adjourned, on motion of Mr. Benton, as soon as the

news of Mr. Adams' illness reached that chamber. Mr. Clay entered the room where the dying man lay, and held his hand a long time without speaking, while the tears rolled down his rugged face. All present were deeply affected at the scene. The Mexican treaty, but just arrived, was forgotten. On the 23d the "old man eloquent" expired. Daniel Webster, then a senator, wrote the inscription for his coffin; and his remains were laid away with those of his father and mother in a crypt built for the purpose under the porch of the Adams Temple in Quincy. There they now rest.

THE OLD SHIP

HINGHAM, MASS.

HINGHAM, Massachusetts, is one of the prettiest towns on the New-England coast. There was once a woman who wished that, after death, she might go to Paris; so the truly good Bostonian would desire, no doubt, to go to Hingham. It lies in the hollow arm of land that encloses within its circling sweep the waters of Boston Bay. There is only a narrow strip of Weymouth to be crossed, between it and Quincy, and all the way you are walking over historic ground. Then again, it is not more than a dozen miles from the city across this bay sprinkled with islands; or you may take the rail and reach Hingham by a jaunt, a little extended as to distance, but not longer as to time. The favorite conveyance, however, in fine weather, is by the steamboat, when every hour you may see a never-ending throng of pallid humanity hurrying from the hot and dusty streets of the city, to breathe with delight the invigorating breezes, cool and fresh, if we may be allowed the expression, from the briny ocean. But whichever way you may have come, there is a story everywhere.

Hingham is also one of those old towns with a history. You cannot put your finger on the man who staked it out. There are no great ruthless furrows of new streets everywhere ploughed through it — improvements I believe they call them. Wherever it has been let alone it is beautiful; where improved, unsightly. It has a character not at all owing to handsome summer cottages or sea-shore hotels. Cottages and hotels have simply availed themselves of its natural attractions. An old Puritan town, with foundations resting on the graves of centuries — that is the real Hingham!

Well, it is the real Hingham that we are now seeking with all our eyes. What is to be seen there besides its picturesque features — its superb sea-views, its magnificent drives to Nantasket Beach or over the Jerusalem Road? We answer, come with us and see.

Placidly seated on the brow of the hill that finely overlooks the harbor is Hingham's quaint old meeting-house — precious heirloom



THE OLD SHIP, HINGHAM, MASS.

of the past! — which is certainly curious enough, inside and out, to excite the unstinted wonder of a worshipper in modern temples. In Hingham it holds the post of honor, both as respects its situation, and as respects that faint little spark of sentiment which we are doing our best to keep alive by such frequent use of the bellows. It is going down the vale of years in a beautiful old age.

This building has now been standing two fully completed centuries. If, unfortunately, it should be destroyed to-morrow, we

shall have lost the oldest church edifice of English handiwork not a ruin in all the Union. How many useless regrets there would be! Where should we ever get another? What a pity it is that such monuments — monuments of peace — could not be as indestructible as those at Saratoga or Bunker Hill — monuments of war! Just look at it! Nothing like it, I fancy, has ever come across your puzzled vision before. Compare that short, sharp, decisive-looking spire, springing up from that quaint little turret above such a wilderness of sloping roof, with the tall steeples, stately mediæval architecture, and luxurious belongings of churches of the same denomination of a more modern date. Perhaps when this house was building, not a few of the frugal husbandmen or fishermen, who then constituted the congregation, may have thought it a most remarkable manifestation of human pride. Possibly they came many miles to see it. Perhaps, too, for they were rigid economists, they grumbled not a little at the expense. It cost just £430 with the old meeting-house thrown in. Is it not an impressive example of what all these years have wrought in the outward form of religious worship? From 1681 to 1893 is certainly a goodly vale of years for the imagination to bridge over. John Milton had been dead only a few years, and James II. had not ascended the throne of England, when this house was built.

Some æsthetic souls have fancied that the early Puritan meeting-houses, plain to homeliness as they were, must be the outward expression of that morbid antipathy for the beautiful that formed part of the Puritan's character. That he preferred to sit shivering in an ill-built house, wearing out his bones on a hard bench, to yielding to the allurements of Satan in the form of stone buttresses, Gothic arches, or soft cushions — as if, in short, mortification of the flesh was all his creed. The true explanation, we think, is that he built all he could pay for, and paid for all he built. The time had not yet come when a big church debt should be considered a mark of prosperity. Frugality, economy, were parts of every man's creed.

But before he would have anything else, he would have some place to worship God in, be it ever so humble. And in all his poverty, all his misery, the Puritan, who contributed his mite, was doubtless consoled by the reflection that the Son of man was first worshipped while lying in a manger.

The undeniable feeling we have for such determined and pathetic seeking after God, in the wilderness, could be no better evinced than by the marked popularity of such admirable historical paintings as Boughton's "Pilgrims Going to Meeting." Even modern scepticism is not proof against the simple fact that those people believed in something; believed so thoroughly as to be willing to lay down their lives rather than be deprived of the blessed privilege of Sabbath worship.

We are forcibly reminded of all this by a reference to the building of the first house of worship here, of which the one before us is the successor. That first house was probably erected very soon after the settlers arrived here, at what was then known as Bear Cove, in 1635. Like this one, it had its belfry and its bell; but, unlike this, it had to be surrounded by a stout palisade, which shows us that under what difficulties soever the worship of God might be conducted in those days, the Puritan would not be kept away from it. In the strictest sense of the word the Sabbath was his holiday. This old house, of which unfortunately no picture is known to exist, stood in the middle of what is now Main Street, opposite to where the Derby Academy now stands.

We are told that some of the timbers of the first house were used in constructing the new one. If that be the case, the later house has the same sort of claim to be considered part and parcel of the original structure as the present frigate *Constitution*, of glorious memory, has of being worshipped as the original "Old Ironsides"—she having been several times rebuilt. The Selectmen were likewise directed to provide a new bell "as big again as the old one, if it may be had." But the whole history is told



in a brass tablet fixed to the meeting-house wall. We have copied it for the reader:—

“This church was gathered in 1635. The frame of this meeting-house was raised on the twenty-sixth, twenty-seventh, and twenty-eighth days of July, 1681, and the house was completed and opened for public worship on the eighth of January, 1681-2. It cost the town £430 and the old house.”

No, not all the history, else our self-imposed task were a vain one.

In Hingham they often call this house “The Old Ship.” Should you be at a loss for the proper direction, ask the first youngster you may meet for the Old Ship. In this local name, however, there is no allusion to the old familiar metaphors so effectively used in addressing a seafaring congregation; though, as to that, Hingham one day had both its fishery and its fleet. The meeting-house belfry may then have been more or less resorted to as an advantageous lookout; or the comparison may have been suggested by the way the interior is framed. I incline to this latter opinion myself. However, I saw, on ascending to the belfry, that they had painted the points of the compass on the ceiling there, above the bell, as in a ship’s binnacle.

Outwardly the Hingham meeting-house comes nearer to the idea of Puritan architecture than the doctrines preached in it to-day do to Puritan theology; that follows because, ever since the pastorate of the Rev. Ebenezer Gay, the church has practically been Unitarian, though in his day it was merely called liberal; but one can easily count over on one’s fingers the number of those old Congregational churches, which, through all the thick and thin theological upheavals from that time to this, have held fast to their ancient tenets. How those old divines, of the Mather School, would have stared, to be sure, at seeing their very pulpits become so many focal points for disseminating what they would have thought the rankest heresy! This Dr.

Ebenezer Gay, by the by, who preached here for sixty-nine years (1718-1787) has been called the forerunner of Channing. By all accounts he was a large-minded, large-hearted man, a deep thinker and an eloquent pulpit orator. John Adams, who was a great admirer of Dr. Gay, and often went to hear him preach, has left a record of who and what constituted this liberal wing of the church — unorthodox it was called — so long ago as 1750, by which we infer — and are surprised to find it so — that the leaven was actively working at a period much earlier than is generally supposed. Writing in 1815 he says: "Sixty-five years ago my own minister, Rev. Lemuel Bryant; Dr. Mayhew of the West Church in Boston; Rev. Mr. Shute of Hingham; Rev. John Brown of Cohasset; and perhaps equal to all, if not above all, Rev. Mr. Gay of Hingham, were Unitarians."

It is a most noteworthy fact, that down to, and including, the pastorate of the Rev. H. Price Collier, there had been but eight ministers in a period of more than two hundred and fifty years, settled here, in this house.

My curiosity was at length gratified by an inspection of the interior of the meeting-house. It had but recently undergone sweeping alterations. Formerly the whole inside space from floor to belfry was open; but considerations of personal comfort at length induced the construction of a ceiling, by which the view of the loft overhead was shut out. They said it was not possible to heat the building properly in the coldest weather — when, for instance, the tone was taken out of the bell by the intensity of the cold — without doing this; and that brings to mind the fact that still earlier worshippers must have sat there, year in, year out, in winter too, without fire. Stoves for heating were unknown, and we come down to a period comparatively recent when the wealthier sort of people carried foot-stoves to meeting. I admit that I should have liked the house better in its primitive form; for the massive white-oak roof-frame is by far



too unique a piece of joiner-work to be thus hid away out of sight. From all appearance it might have been, perhaps was, put together by shipwrights instead of housewrights — by men handier with the broadaxe and adze than with the drawing-knife and plane. Be that as it may, inside and out, old Hingham Church is a veritable architectural treasure. When once he got thoroughly warmed up — a not inconsequent thing in cold weather — how the preacher's voice must have echoed up among those time-stained rafters! and what a chill its gloomy vastness must have sent to the very marrow of wondering little boys as often as the minister's warning finger pointed that way!

There was a high, rich-looking pulpit, ascended at the left by railed-in stairs, relieved by hanging draperies at the back, and surmounted by a sounding-board, a common enough adjunct of those days, though now seldom seen in Protestant churches. It did, however, give a decided look of completeness to the sacred desk. The pews were of the old-fashioned, back-breaking sort, high and straight, so that the sitter had to sit bolt upright during sermon-time, with no prospect whatever of taking a stolen nap between whiles. All the pews were topped by a light ornamental rail, which gave the interior a very pretty effect. These pews were being torn out, and modern ones substituted, better adapted for repose. There was a gallery, too, relieved by panels — a whispering gallery, I dare say, if the truth were known. In all respects it was a most brave old house, where many pious souls had doubtless enjoyed the one great consolation of their lives, and from which they went forth strengthened and refreshed to the work of each returning week.

Who of us does not remember the throngs that once filled our streets of a Sabbath morning, wending their way to meeting? To stay at home was an unpardonable offence, which carried with it a strange sense of conscious guilt. And the queer-looking vehicles, too, that erstwhile filled the sheds of country meeting-houses to overflowing, or stood hitched to the nearest trees! Where are they now?

The thought tempts us to reproduce some lines of a lament for the past, written by some disciple of Dr. Holmes:—

“We used the ‘one-horse shay,’ we did,
And read our prayer-books *some*;
Our preachers talked of truth and grace,
Instead of tweedledum.”

In time increase of population called for more room so loudly that additions were twice made, once in 1729, once in 1755, by building on fourteen feet at each end. This enlarged the house to its present dimensions of seventy-three feet by fifty-five feet.

It was not on account of its religious functions alone that this was done; but, as is well known, all the old houses of worship were used for town-meetings, so making them serve in a double capacity, both secular and religious. This will appear the less objectionable to those who may think such use a desecration, if we remember that there existed the strictest union between the two. Church and State were, in fact, one under Puritan administration. The town took care of the church as respects its material wants, and the church of the town as respects its spiritual wants. They were, in fact, but one body; so that a town-meeting not unfrequently resolved itself into a church-meeting, or *vice versa*.

Still, we may form some idea of what the interior looked like when first built. There was a gallery running round on three sides—nothing else to hide the roughly-hewn timbers of the frame from view. Rough benches were placed on the floor of the house and in the galleries. To these the congregation were assigned according to age, sex, and condition, by a formal vote. For instance, we have the assignment of “The foreseate for the men on the North side.” “In the second seate in the gallery at the west end more of ye young men.” “The second seate on the gallery at the East end of the house for ye maids.” The young of both sexes, we observe, were kept as far apart as the points of the compass.

Referring to these old church customs we find it was a universal practice to seat males and females apart, and that married women always occupied different seats from the unmarried. What, it may be asked, would be the result of an attempt to separate the sexes to-day in this arbitrary way in any but a Quaker meeting? But we must remember that whisperings, stolen glances, or meaning smiles were held unseemly in a Puritan house of worship; and that a culprit detected in such out-of-place proceedings would have been swiftly and sharply "admonished," as the saying went, before the whole congregation by name. It has not been handed down, so far as I have seen, whether the congregation, to a woman, then turned round to look every late-comer out of countenance.

The deacons also occupied a seat by themselves, and the only pew this house at one time boasted was reserved for the minister's use. In fact, pews were not generally introduced much earlier than a century ago. When a collection was taken up the whole congregation rose and silently marched up past the deacons' seat, each person depositing his offering—which was not unfrequently a paper promise to pay—in the bag or box held out in the deacons' hands. They then filed back to their own seats. In this way no one could evade a contribution. It was something like the modern parish priest, standing at the church door, box in hand, as the congregation goes out. An amusing procession it must have seemed, as it passed down the broad aisle, where all were obliged to duck their heads or put aside with their hands the bell-rope, which hung down exactly in the middle of the house.

When there were few hymn-books, a deacon would rise in his seat, clear his throat, and read off very slowly the first line of the selection; and after this had been sung through by the congregation he would repeat, or "line off," the next. This practice had one good effect, at least: in time the people mostly knew the psalms and hymns by heart. Devotional singing was much practised at home, too, by the fireside; in fact, sacred music was about all the young

people knew or could hear sung; so it was a part of the service always greatly enjoyed by them.

After regular singers were employed in the churches, and this custom only came in gradually with their growth in other respects, a row, or rows, of seats were assigned to the singers, at or near the front of the congregation. When they rose to sing they faced each other; and there was sometimes a partition between them, on which to lay their hymn and tune books. The leader often used a pitch-pipe in giving out the pitch, after which came the preliminary humming, or snuffing, from base to treble, through which final harmony was secured. Awkward as it was, we fancy that even this "tuning up" must have proved an acceptable relief to a two-hours' sermon.

The first and greatest innovation the old ways suffered was the introduction of the bass-viol. It is impossible to describe the indignation with which some of the older church-members looked upon its appearance among them. In their minds stringed instruments had been always associated with such profane amusements as dancing, stage-shows, or bear-baiting, or with the bacchanalian rites of heathen gods. No good could possibly come of it! In a neighboring town, at the first premonitory scrape, one old man rose up and walked out, saying angrily that he "did not want to go to God's house to hear a big fiddle." In fact, sacred music was then held in as great reverence as any part of the devotional exercises of the Sabbath—so much so that if a psalm happened to be sung out-of-doors the bystanders would remove their hats, and remain uncovered until the singing was ended. Psalms and hymns were not then considered appropriate to such occasions of exuberant jollity as sleigh-rides or hay-rides, or after-dinner sprees. What an old seventeenth century Puritan would have said to a full orchestra crashing out his favorite Hundredth Psalm appalls us to think of!

Upon the sacred desk, within easy reach of the preacher's right hand, stood the hour-glass — funereal symbol, not only of the sands

of life run out, but sole indicator to the congregation of the lapse of time. I need not suggest whether it was closely watched or not. Although the minister, who every week stood before his people endowed with a personal sanctity which our practical generation does not allow to any one, who could make the most lawless village ruffian cower and slink away by a look, who presided over a community of church-goers, and who had a paternal care for everything and every one in it, has passed away, we will not compare him with his more fortunate brother, who has a snug balance at his banker's, needs a year's vacation every now and then for his health or to take a run through Palestine, and who has a rooted aversion to parochial visits. All we know is that our Puritan ancestors, whose numbers were few, and who struggled against every form of hardship, clung close to their God, as men are apt to do in seasons of great trial, sorrow, or emergency.

General Benjamin Lincoln, of Revolutionary fame, once worshipped in this house, and in his declining years often dozed off in sermon-time. Many of the family name still live in Hingham. Behind the meeting-house is the old burial-ground, the invariable adjunct to all our older houses of worship. In it are many curious stones. In this consecrated ground reposes the dust of Governor John Albion Andrew, a man who lived in a great epoch of our history, in which he was pre-eminently fitted to stand among the foremost, for he was a power among men.

In the commercial world towns are noted only for some leading industry, as Lynn for its shoes, Danvers its leather, Westfield its whips, and Hingham its wooden-ware. In the time of Governor Andros, Hingham paid its taxes in milk-pails. This industry is still profitably carried on there. There is one thing more: it is said that Hingham is the only place in New England where the lovely forget-me-not, the *fleur-de-souvenance*, can be found growing wild. Her ancient, consecrated church, unique souvenir of the past, is the standing injunction of older generations to "Forget Me Not."

Farewell, then, to the religious home of honest respectability and simple faith. From foundation stone to vanishing spire it holds for us the idea of a peculiar consecration. We could not calmly look on and see this house turned into a theatre (we have such instances in mind), or into a variety show, or a coal-shed. Ships may be but boards; but we can never accustom ourselves to the idea that churches embody no more — that the Spirit our fathers so often invoked does not abide within their walls. This is the very place to take our spiritual reckoning. Even the hardest materialism stands abashed before this precious link between the quick and the dead of so many generations. Were it forever after to remain with closed doors, it would still be worth its weight in gold for the Christians it has turned out and the souls it has saved, and for that other fact that we owe all we are to those principles of which it is perhaps the best expression of all.

THE OLD WITCH-HOUSE

SALEM, MASS.

WHEN you go to Salem, as of course you mean to do some time or other, by all means enter by the old Boston Road. At your left is Witch Hill, highest of all the neighboring eminences, looming darkly up at the town's edge, and quite well covered with buildings, except on those faces where the hill rises so steeply up as to forbid it; for in truth Witch Hill is nothing but a crag, isolated, forlorn, accursed. You are surprised at this. You would have the place disinherited by nature and avoided by man. But the fact remains that it is inhabited, and that, too, in spite of all its horrible associations with the foulest crime that has ever stained the good name of New England.

In a fit of ill-humor nature heaved this rock above the surrounding level as a thing predestined to a horrible notoriety among the sons of men. It has its fatal history. If nothing happens that is not foreordained, then this infamous rock also has its high, inscrutable design. Meanwhile, I am fully persuaded that all Salem would breathe freer if on some dark night, when all the Powers of the Air were holding high carnival,

In thunder, lightning, or in rain,"

the rock should be found to have sunk into the bowels of the earth.

Having heard that there was once an old house on the hill which, according to tradition, had been built of timber originally forming part of the first house of public worship in Salem, I looked for, but could not find it. There was an odd suggestion in the fact, if fact it be. In a Catholic country a memorial church, or expiatory

chapel at least, would have been erected on the spot forthwith, and its lesson, such as it is, sent down to posterity along with its penance, more or less sincere. This is what I actually saw there.

So far as its general appearance goes, Witch Hill offers no essential difference from the range of which it is a spur, the same we see drawing away from the coast in a northerly direction, toward the Merrimac, except that it is Witch Hill. There is, however, such a weird, such a horrible fascination about the spot, from the moment we identify it, that for the life of us we can see nothing else. With this feeling uppermost in our minds the actual conditions, as we find them, are singularly incongruous. We can think of it only as a place accursed. Now, what do we see? On the summit there is a tolerably level area of several acres; the soil, however, being so thin that Old Mother Earth's bare ribs show through the holes in her scanty garment. Standing here, where the executions for witchcraft actually took place, we might expect a blight to have fallen on the field of blood. Nevertheless, a hardy pioneer, whose house stands on the topmost point of the hill, was, at the time of my visit, gathering a crop of excellent turnips. It is needless to add that the outlook, embracing as it does a varied landscape, is, or rather would be, totally destructive of all such horrible imaginings as the associations of the spot might seem to call up in us if only one could get them out of one's mind. But we have come here to "sup full of horrors," and we are not to be disappointed of our expected feast.

Over against us is the brown old town, with its steeples thrust heavenward much as the old divines would have pushed their way into the celestial gates. Staid, thrifty, and a world to itself, Salem, you would say, had mostly retired from active business, to live upon the accumulations of the past. Here now runs a broad street, shaded by fine trees, with substantial square mansions, not built close together, but standing just far enough apart to allow a bit of orchard or a pretty garden-spot to nestle among this wilderness of

houses. All our cities were once like that — a streak of the country and a streak of the town. Now one city is only distinguishable from another by what nature has done for it, not man. Yonder, again, the way follows along the inner sweep of the harbor, where idle wharves and dismantled shipping tell their own story. All this we can see from Witch Hill. The rest we can imagine. Taken altogether, we think Salem bears a strong family likeness to Newport, of which a much puzzled and no less delighted traveller once exclaimed: "Well, this is the only place I was ever in where they build old houses!" Now, with back to the town, turn your looks toward yonder hills, clothed, mayhap, in their rich autumnal tints, crowding each other in a lawless fashion out of the direct road, pushing this way and that way with lowered and shaggy fronts, like a herd of monster bisons madly making off from advancing civilization. A few miles off among these hills nestles the identical little village where, in 1692, the first act of the fearful tragedy began, whose *finale* was enacted on the spot where we stand. The little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which first rose above that insignificant village, soon overspread all the land with desolation and woe. We are thus following its loathsome track with all our eyes.

Having taken in the physical bearings of this dreadful visitation, so to speak, let us turn for a while to some of its moral manifestations.

Reluctant witness that we are, the incisive question must at last be met. But we could not forego it if we would, nor would we if we could. Yet it needs the added evidence of locality to impress the stern fact upon us. It is indispensable to say that "This is the very spot where a score of men and women, as innocent as you or I, suffered death for an imaginary crime" — otherwise we might refuse to believe the hideous story.

This hill-top of dismal memory must have presented a scene of awful interest on that momentous July day in 1692. If we cannot

recall it without a shudder now, what must it then have been for those poor heart-broken ones who were being dragged to execution here! We see the scaffold erected out yonder. We see that the cart containing the condemned, closely guarded, has traversed the route between the prison and the foot of the hill, and is now toiling its slow way to the top, followed by muttered execrations from those in whom hate and fear struggle for mastery, and who have made a lane for the victims to pass through; but those who are about to die heed them not, for their strained and haggard looks are fixed upon one single object — the hangman's noose dangling there at the sport of the breeze. Pale, wan, speechless, they seem to realize that their doom is at hand. The sad procession has at length wound its way up the hill-side to the summit, and is now grouped around the central object, grotesque yet horrible withal, and visible far and near. Here are the dignified magistrates, the reverend elders too, come to deepen the unspeakable agony and despair of the victims by exhorting them to confess that of which they, with their dying breath, persist in declaring their innocence. Whichever way they turn their entreating eyes they meet only stern, implacable, or averted looks. Here, perhaps, stand the nearest and dearest relatives of the doomed ones, racked with the anguish they dare not show; here the guards, with bent brows and set looks, closing in around the victims a hedge of steel. The supreme moment comes at last. Now the sheriff stands forth. In a voice he vainly tries to render firm he reads the warrant; he then replaces the paper in his belt. His last words die away in the hush of intense, of awful expectation. Does he look around him, upon that breathless multitude, as if conscious of a duty well performed, or is he seeking support there for his faltering soul? One by one the condemned are assisted to alight. One by one they are pinioned and blindfolded. Now the hangman conducts them to the foot of the fatal ladder. The halter is put round their necks. A shudder runs through the breathless throng. Short space is given for prayer; since, unless they confess, they are to be denied even the ministrations

of religion. Must they then die rejected both of God and men? Must they die as the fool dieth? It is even so. Martyrs to truth, there is no mercy here below! Their crisped lips move:

“It is a witch’s prayer,
And may Heaven read it ‘backwards!’”

tears trickle down their cheeks, a great sob rises in their throats, one horrid push, and all is over. Hanged until dead, dead, dead! So says the warrant. Judicial murder has been done, and the awed assembly silently separates. I do not think there ever have been more heroic deaths. Something rises in our throat as we tell the tale.

Still another just such scene took place here in the following September. On this day, in particular, the Rev. Nicholas Noyes appears to have revelled in the agonies of the condemned. Said he,—

“What a sad thing it is to see eight firebrands of hell hanging there!”

One poor woman, whose last moments he imbibed by telling her that she was a witch, and knew it, turned on him fiercely.

“You are a liar!” she retorted; “I’m no more a witch than you are a wizard; and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink!”

The novelist, Hawthorne, has made an effective use of this retort in his “House of the Seven Gables.”

Enough, and more than enough, of Witch Hill.

Yet another visible memorial of these terrible events is the Old Witch-House, so called, still standing at the corner of North and Essex Streets, in Salem. It is much visited by the morbidly curious. Originally its architecture was notably like that of many old houses still to be seen in Southwark, and some other quarters of Old London, some fifty years ago; now, sad to say, very little of that original appearance is left. This is the more to be regretted, because we have not one single specimen of the sort remaining. It was really very quaint

and decidedly not unpicturesque, and the notion of anything picturesque associated with a Puritan home of the seventeenth century will be new to most people. So much the more is the loss of the evidence to be regretted.

We are told, and believe, that this house was the dwelling of Roger Williams in 1635-36, when he was preaching here in Salem :



THE OLD WITCH-HOUSE.

yet not even so interesting a circumstance as that can charm our thoughts away from the greater attractions derived from traditional association with the Imp of Darkness, —

“ Here’s metal more attractive.”

What the house was like when honest Roger Williams said grace and broke bread in it is not so clearly made out ; since the wants of later proprietors, or its own increasing decrepitude, have at different periods turned its exterior into a gaunt and wholly unat-

tractive structure; so that, taking it as we find it, and not as our imagination has pictured it, we have to admit that it is wholly dependent on its ancient associations for being the one peculiar point of attraction to which the stranger's footsteps naturally tend. This, it must be confessed, is disappointing. However, from the recessed area at the back we get a glimpse of its irregular outlines, narrow casements, and excrescent stairways, thus turning the tables, as it were, on the iconoclasts. Wholesale alterations were necessary so long ago as 1674-75, when this house became the property of Jonathan Corwin, of witchcraft notoriety. The old chimney-stack was pulled down and a new one built. In 1746, and again about 1772, it underwent other repairs, which left it much as it now appears.

Prior to the second series of repairs the house was remarkable for its peaked gables topped out with pineapples carved in wood, its successive overhanging stories giving the idea of a smaller structure upon which larger ones had been superposed without regard to the unity of the whole, or the evident appearance which the lower and lesser segment had of being crushed beneath the weight it was compelled to bear up. Narrow lattices, formed of little lozenge-shaped panes set in leaden sashes, comported well with the antique *ensemble*, until, in an evil hour, the proprietor substituted modern windows, which, in their turn, also became too small. In short, we have here the stage arranged for two centuries ago, the action to be whatever your imagination is capable of.

The interior of the older part is supported by a massive oaken frame, rudely shaped with the adze, and standing out from the walls and ceiling like the ribs of a vessel. The interstices of the western wall are filled with brick, plastered with clay mortar, in the homely phrase of that day called "daub." Somewhere in the manuscript chaos I have met with this item: "Paid ten shillings for daubing the meeting-house." To-day that expression would have a quite different meaning. The occupant told me that, in winter, the older

rooms are scarcely habitable, as the wind searched out every crack and crevice where this primitive plaster has crumbled away.

Jonathan Corwin, or Curwen as the name was often spelled, was made a councillor under the new charter granted by King William, in 1692, to Massachusetts. The charter conferred the powers of civil government, but, for the first time, separated the legislative from the judicial authority. Corwin was one of the justices who issued the warrants, and before whom the preliminary examinations were held, both at Salem Village and in Salem Town. Family tradition assigns the south-east lower room in Corwin's house as the scene of some of these proceedings.

A sample of one of these examinations will best serve to show how they were conducted: not upon the broad legal principle of presuming the prisoner innocent until proved guilty, but upon that of guilt presumed; and how every art was used to entrap the accused person into making some damaging disclosure. In this case the prisoner, Susanna Martin, was said to have struck down the afflicted people at her feet by merely casting her eye upon them, in the magistrate's presence; so he asks her:—

"Pray, what hurts these people?"

"I don't know."

"But what do you think ails them?"

"I don't desire to spend my judgment upon it."

"Don't you think they are bewitched?"

"No; I do not think they are."

"Tell us your thoughts about them, then."

"No; my thoughts are my own when they are in; but when they are out, they are another's. Their Master"—

Magistrate interrupting, "Their Master? Who do you think is their master?"

"If they be dealing in the Black Art, you may know as well as I."

"Well, what have you done towards this?"

"Nothing at all."

"Why, 'tis you, or your appearance."

"I cannot help it."

"Is it not *your* Master? How comes your appearance to hurt these?"

"How do I know? He that appeared in the shape of *Samuel*, a glorified saint, may appear in any one's shape."

This woman was hanged.

In its every phase this incredible frenzy simply amazes and confounds us. It unsettles our philosophy. In the first place, the belief in witchcraft, as well by the rich and intelligent as by the poor and ignorant, is a hideous fact. It will not down at our bidding. The whole Christian world believed it. Then, again, our horror at these iniquitous proceedings is greatly enhanced at the accusation by mere children of grown-up men and women, children sometimes even accusing their own parents. But it culminates at the confessions of guilt, torn from them probably by abject fear of death, made by persons lying under accusation, that they were actually witches, — had rode to witch meetings on a pole, had written their names in Satan's book, had pinched, bitten, or tormented this or that object of their diabolical malevolence, — and so by this most horrible perjury had furnished the one damning proof that was before lacking; namely, actual knowledge of, and participation in, witchcraft.

Of this repulsive chapter of history one disquieting reflection must always remain. It is this: Even the court which condemned the unfortunate suspects had no legal existence whatever. The Province charter did not empower the governor to appoint such a court as was constituted by him to try the witchcraft cases; so that twenty persons were executed, an unknown number died in prison, and hundreds languished there for an imaginary crime, at the instance of an illegal tribunal.

It may be necessary to remind the reader that this outbreak at Salem was not a solitary instance of superstition run mad. The

first execution for witchcraft in Massachusetts was that of Margaret Jones, in 1648. This woman's case I have found commented upon in a rare little treatise by Rev. John Hale of Beverly, printed in Boston in 1702, and written in justification of the acts of 1692, in which he bore a quite prominent part. Hale says that he visited Margaret Jones on the day of her execution, in company with some of her neighbors, who took great pains to bring her to confession; but notwithstanding all their importunities the poor creature constantly asserted her innocence. They then asked her if she had not been guilty of stealing many years ago, which she admitted was true, but very earnestly declared that she had long ago repented, and believed Christ had pardoned her; but, as for witchcraft, she was wholly free from it. And so she died. Mrs. Jones was a physician, and was charged with having a malignant touch.

What passes in our day for jugglery, healing by clairvoyance, or spiritualism, would have been a hanging affair in 1692. The performances of the Davenport brothers were almost identical with those of a bewitched person as related by Cotton Mather in that remarkable book, "*Wonders of the Invisible World*." It is there stated that during Martha Carrier's trial "one Susanna Sheldon, in open court, had her hands unaccountably ty'd together with a wheel-band, so fast that without cutting it could not be loosed; it was done by a spectre; and the sufferer affirmed it was the prisoner."

Are we really as little superstitious as we think we are? Several cases of haunted houses have been seriously related in the newspapers within a twelvemonth. In the more sparsely settled country villages the reign of popular superstition is by no means ended. On the seacoast much ancient folk-lore remains firmly rooted. Most great men have been superstitious. Passing by King James I., Dr. Johnson was a thoroughgoing believer. Napoleon had his warnings. Marie Antoinette declared that at her wedding she had a presentiment that she was signing her death-warrant, and would have drawn back if her pride had not prevented it. Walter Scott

believed in second-sight; so did Johnson. Rousseau tried whether he would be damned or not by aiming at a tree with a stone. Goethe trusted to the chance of a knife's striking the water to know whether some undertaking was going to succeed. Swift placed the success of his life on the chance of landing a trout he had hooked. Monk Lewis had his premonitions. Lord Byron had also so firm a belief in unlucky days that he once refused to be introduced to a lady because it was Friday; and he would never pay visits on this ill-omened day. But why extend the catalogue?

A delegation of Zuni Indians, while visiting this city some years ago, told the people of Salem that they did perfectly right in hanging up the witches. It was one relic of barbarism recognizing another.

THE COLLINS HOUSE

DANVERS, MASS.

ONE bright October morning the railway train set me down at the station in Peabody, Mass. The air was crisp, bracing, delicious. In the sky there was the faintest blush of crimson lingering

“Like pale rose-chaplets, or like sapphire mist.”

With a pair of good feet which have seldom failed me, and a stout hickory stick for a companion, I could well afford to take pity on those good folk who either drove, or were driven away, in their carriages to the four points of the compass. At any rate, here I was in Peabody, a place overflowing with memories of all sorts, as one soon learns but does not so soon forget.

This most populous offshoot of the old town of Danvers is joined on to Salem by a continuously built street, so that it is by no means easy to discover when you have left the one and entered the other. In this now bustling section the eminent banker and philanthropist, George Peabody, was born. Since 1868 the town has taken his name.

In taking a survey of the principal street, the eye quickly falls on the monument, erected in 1835, in memory of the valiant minute men of Danvers, who fell, fighting for their country, on the Day of Lexington. Near this monument formerly stood the old hostelry known, from its sign, as the Bell Tavern. The honest publican, being also a dealer in chocolate, affixed to his sign-post, underneath the bell, a board inscribed with the couplet—

“Francis Symonds makes and sells
The best of chocolate, also shells.”

Here also the patriot troops, on their way from Salem to Cambridge, in 1775, halted for refreshment. In the absence of an organized commissariat, the commanding officers were, in those days, usually authorized by the selectmen of the towns to which they belonged to refresh their men at the inns along their route. On one occasion, when there was not time to call the selectmen of Salem together, Timothy Pickering made himself personally responsible for the refreshment of a large detachment, marching to join the Provincials. The "Bell" was also for some time the residence of Elizabeth Whitman, whose singular story, under the fictitious name of Eliza Wharton, excited the sensibilities of thousands a generation or two ago. In this house she died; and such was the morbid desire to obtain some memento of her, that the very stones erected over her grave were near being carried away piecemeal.

Leather, and the products of leather, are the principal industries here. A standing toast of the local Crispins was to this effect: "Danvers—may she have all the women in the country to shoe, and the men to boot!"

Every New England town has its library; and that of Peabody, enriched by the sagacious munificence of her distinguished son, is more than usually attractive. As in duty bound, I visited the Institute he founded, not so much, I must confess, to look at the books, as to see the portrait presented to Mr. Peabody by Queen Victoria.

This portrait is an oval, beautifully painted on enamel by Tilt, and is encircled with golden emblems, the crown above, the Queen's cipher below. The artist's pencil has not kept pace, though, with the waxing years of his subject (if a queen can be a subject), who might have sat for this picture twenty years earlier. But then they say that women and pictures should never be dated. It is, however, in all respects a most regal gift. The gold box given to Mr. Peabody by the city of London, and the medal struck in his honor by Congress, are also deposited here. These objects, being of great intrinsic value, are placed in a fire-proof vault, sunk in the wall,

whose it is, and then what it is. Let us try to give to both questions their adequate response.

As to the first question, the mansion has been for many years the property of Mr. Francis Peabody, who now lives in it, and who has embellished the interior with rare taste. But the house was already old and renowned, though somewhat fallen into neglect, before he moved into it. To those who can remember it thirty or



THE COLLINS HOUSE, DANVERS.

forty years back the renovating hand is everywhere apparent. But houses with a history are much better appreciated now than then. It is scarcely thirty years since the Hancock House was demolished, yet we feel great satisfaction in saying that such a piece of vandalism would be impossible to-day.

As to what the house is, or why we attach so much importance to its preservation, that is a question we shall crave the reader's leave to answer at more length.

In the first place, it is generally known as the Collins House, from its having been a long time owned and occupied by Judge Benajah Collins, though it was not in his time that the mansion acquired its title to lasting importance, or its distinctive character as a public memorial. We shall, however, call it the Collins House for the sake of ready identification. Names of least significance frequently become fixed through long use, or until the one pregnant with meaning has been forgotten. It is so in this case.

The Collins House, then, stands on part of a tract of twenty acres, formerly laid out to the old worthy Governor Endicott, who was by no means averse to picking up eligible parcels of land here and there; but it is not of him that we wish to speak.

Its years seem to sit lightly on this venerable mansion, for to all appearances it is still in a most excellent state of preservation. Standing well back from the street, with tasteful and well-kept grounds between, it is seen to the best advantage; and, as we have said, not only is it sure to attract notice, as being something very different from the rank and file of old houses strewn at intervals along this highway, but happily, also, it is not too much like the still more frequent popular colonial reproductions of to-day.

This is the house built shortly before the Revolution by Robert Hooper, a merchant of Marblehead, who was very rich, very loyal, and, to say the least, very unfortunate. His wealth had so grown with years of business prosperity that the common folk called him King Hooper, partly because he lived "like an emperor in his expense," partly because he was the acknowledged autocrat of his village.

As shown in our illustration, the mansion is of two stories, surmounted by a gambrel roof, the predecessor, as we understand it, of the picturesque, but now generally discarded mansard. This, again, is relieved by an ornamental balustrade at the top. It is a wooden house, with the front done in panelling so as to look like stone, and painted a cool gray so as further to favor the deception. Its having always been well kept up makes it look good for another

century at least. Alas! houses outlast us poor mortals so long that they almost seem rebuking our assumption of superiority as childish. It is like the discovery of some new planet — the farther off it is the smaller we seem.

Robert Hooper built this house in or about the year 1770. The exact date is not definitely ascertained. From poverty he had raised himself to affluence through trade. From small beginnings he had worked his way up until he had secured a monopoly of the fishing business of Marblehead, which, before the Revolution, was greater than that of any port in the colonies, St. John's, perhaps, excepted. He bought up the cargoes of fish as the vessels came in, and shipped them off to Mediterranean ports, where they brought silver and gold, with which he bought goods in England suited for the home market, on which there was another profit. In five years his fortune had doubled; in ten, trebled. Having solved the problem of getting money, he now turned his attention to that other one of how to spend it. He built a fine house at Marblehead; he set up a chariot. But Marblehead was not big enough for him in his new estate; so he came out to Danvers and built this delightful country house, far from the cramped and crooked streets, the smell of fish, and the sound of the archaic jargon of Marblehead.

Robert Hooper's social position seems to have been quite secure. Had his political position been equally so, there would have been no story to tell.

Associated with this house is an incident showing clearly and forcibly how the timid colonist of 1774 became the most obstinate of rebels a little later. For a brief time, in fact, the house assumed an official character. It was here that the new governor-general of the Province first began to part with some of his illusions. Let us briefly run over the situation.

Early in the year 1774 an Act of Parliament shut up the port of Boston to commerce. It was a mean, a cowardly act thus to visit on a whole people the offences of a few. It was meant as a

punishment for the destruction of the tea by the Bostonians in the preceding year, and was so understood. And it was expected to bring them penitently to their knees.

This port-bill, as it was called, quickly received the royal assent. The ministry tried to make it appear only as a local affair; but underneath were seen sticking out the horns and hoofs of the old vexed question of taxation without representation, in which all the colonies had an equally lively interest. However, George the Third's German blood was up. There was to be no more trifling, he said. Those rascally Bostonians should be chastised if it took every soldier in Great Britain to do it. Grass should grow in their streets; ships should rot at the wharves; the rich be poor, and the poor starve. Thus said the king.

Once embarked upon their crusade of vengeance, the purblind ministry did not stop at trifles; not they. They had the best will in the world, the king was with them to the point of fanaticism, and they had the votes. By another act, at a single stroke nearly every vestige of popular sovereignty was shorn out of the charter granted by their Majesties William and Mary; by another the king's governor was fully empowered to seize and send home to England for trial any person whatsoever who should be indicted for a capital offence — presumptive treason, of course, being the offence uppermost in the minds of the supple framers of the bill. Troops were hurried off to Boston. General Thomas Gage was appointed military governor with extraordinary powers and equally great expectations. It was evident that the British lion had been aroused at last.

When copies of the port-bill arrived here the measure everywhere created a deep and, to discerning minds, most dangerous feeling. Men now first hinted at open resistance. In Boston the bells were tolled. In some places the act was reprinted upon paper surrounded by a black border, as was usual upon occasions of public mourning; and in this form it was cried about the streets under the name of a "barbarous, cruel, bloody, and inhuman murder." These terms strike us

at first sight as somewhat extravagant, but in reality they were hardly too strong. Were it possible to conceive of such a thing as the execution of a city, the figure would be quite justified by the fact; since by giving its inhabitants the alternative of leaving or starving—the taking of the very bread out of their mouths being the equivalent—the same end would be reached as by shutting up a prisoner in his cell without food. Apparently there were not half enough adjectives in the language to express all the conflicting feelings to which this detestable port-bill had given birth. While the Whigs cursed and swore vengeance, the Tories laughed in their sleeves. Well may we judge, then, with what eyes the king's new governor and the king's beef-eaters would be looked upon by an angry, discontented, and high-spirited people, or whether, with bayonets at their breasts, they would be found more tractable than the wild bull that his keepers are pricking and goading to make him show fight against his will.

Yet the most unaccountable infatuation ruled in England. Men could get up in Parliament and say with cold assurance that there would be no trouble; that the more you wrung a Yankee's nose the more milk would run out of it! Incredible folly, perpetuated even down to our own times! How this feeling had grown up I never could understand, for there were men on that floor who had fought on the same fields with the men whom they affected so much to despise; yet there is little reason to doubt its being the popular impression in England.

General Thomas Gage had received the King's express command to hold the General Court of the Province at Salem instead of at Boston, as the custom had been. Therefore, when the court convened at Boston as usual, the governor promptly adjourned it to Salem. On the 1st of June, Boston was closed against the entry of all shipping. Not even a fishing-smack could bring in fresh fish, or a bale of hay cross Charlestown ferry. At twelve o'clock the doors of the custom-house were locked for an indefinite period, and the sun of that eventful day went down in the shadow and gloom of impending revolution.

It were easy to wax eloquent over the situation of a busy and prosperous town thus suddenly thrown out of employment. We can almost see the faces of the people: see how they looked under this enforced and ruinous idleness; how they scowled at the sound of the drums in the streets; and how they turned their backs on the unwelcome soldiery as they marched past; how, again, each look and pressure of the hand came to have a peculiar meaning; and how powder and lead began to look up at the point where every useful thing was a drug in the market.

There was one phase of this embargo worthy of being pondered by its short-sighted projectors. The Bostonians now had nothing to do except to brood over their wrongs, to nurse their wrath, and to invoke vengeance upon their persecutors. To become conspirators was only one step farther on.

Salem thus became by force of events the official capital and port of entry for the Province. For a brief season it was also to be the governor's official residence. As the time was drawing near when the General Court should assemble, General Gage himself repaired to Salem; and at the invitation of Robert Hooper he took up his residence in the elegant out-of-town mansion which still keeps the incident alive. Here he could enjoy undisturbed the society of men of his own way of thinking. This aristocratic seclusion suited him personally, and it suited his ideas of what was befitting in the representative of his king. Here he could keep the populace at bay.

It now remained to be seen what the men of Massachusetts would do about it; whether, in fact, they would maintain the bold stand they had taken, or whether, as General Gage had told King George III. when taking leave of him, that the Americans would be lions while Englishmen were lambs, and lambs if they were lions. General Gage had thus disposed of the whole American question with an epigram.

To their eternal honor the people of Salem sternly refused to sacrifice principle to present advantage. They would not stoop so low as to rise on the ruins of a commercial rival, whose greatest crime

was one with which they themselves were in hearty sympathy, and they would not remain silent. Their loyalty to the common cause, expressed with no uncertain voice under his very nose, both surprised and disgusted the governor, who had confidently counted upon a very different state of things. As in all the large towns, so here there were Tories and placemen enough to form a little party of their own. These were now swelling with importance and loyalty. Almost to a man these partisans favored making an example of the ringleaders among the patriots, and were teasing General Gage to begin; but fortunately for all concerned, Gage was one of the procrastinating sort. He was a true Fabius, both in politics and in the field.

Thus the attempt to play off Salem against Boston ignominiously failed.

Events hastened. On the appointed day the General Court met. It was much like a kettle simmering on the fire. A little more fuel would set it boiling. Three resolves were prepared in caucus, immediately brought in, and passed with closed doors before the Tories knew what their opponents were about. Samuel Adams was the prime mover in all this. One resolve appointed five delegates to Philadelphia (a voluntary tax being laid to defray the expense); a second looked to assisting the suffering people of Boston; and the third and last to cutting off all importations of British goods. These measures were calculated to push things with a vengeance. One leaky member, who managed to get out of the House upon the plea of illness, straightway ran to inform the first royalist he could meet with that the House was bent upon revolution, ruin, and all besides. A messenger was instantly sent off to the governor at Danvers. He determined to dissolve the General Court before it should do more mischief. To this end he drew up a hurried proclamation, with which he despatched his secretary in all haste to the place where the Court was sitting; but when Mr. Secretary Flucker got there he found the door shut in his face. It is said that Sam Adams had put the key in his own pocket. The

secretary, therefore, was forced to go through the empty form of reading the proclamation on the stairs, in the presence of what few idlers had gathered about him at the prospect of seeing something unusual going on.

When the Court had quite finished its business it adjourned itself. This was the last General Court held under a royal governor in the old Bay Colony, and in some respects the most momentous one in all her history. The standard of revolt was raised. Obtuse as he was, General Gage's eyes were at last opened to the fact that there were among the despised Yankees men of the very first rank as respects political far-sightedness; men, too, who having once put their hand to the plough would never look back. Upon this unwelcome fact he no doubt sat ruminating here, while the members of the Great and General Court were quietly dispersing to their homes with the satisfaction of a duty well performed, joined to that of having circumvented the king's governor.

That these reflections were but ill calculated to soothe a troubled spirit, or pour balm upon wounded vanity, must readily suggest itself to any man's mind. The governor-general had come down here to assert himself after the *veni, vidi, vici* fashion. It really began to dawn upon him, obscurely, that perhaps it was the rebels who had got in the last word. That he, a British general, should ever be forced to measure himself with tinkers and tailors and candlestick-makers must have been gall and wormwood to him. Not only had he been defied, he actually had been out-generalled by a low tax collector, familiarly called Sam Adams. It was enough to drive a wise man frantic. In my mind's eye I can see the governor now walking up and down that very orchard, with his head bent down and his hands tightly clasped behind his back, like the little Corsican at St. Helena. He is inwardly asking himself how he shall ever tell the king that in his very first encounter with these base churls he had come off second best.

The Great and General Court had sat but eleven days; yet the

situation does not seem to have greatly improved with its dissolution, because we find two companies of regulars ordered down to Danvers a month later. That step indicates to our mind the steady growth of a very alarming sentiment in that neighborhood. The presence of so small a force was certainly less a menace than a precaution; and we may fairly presume that the governor-general was becoming somewhat uneasy on the score of his personal safety. Be that as it may, the redcoats were marched into a large field over against the mansion, since occupied by Tapley's brick-yards, and there pitched their tents, kindled their camp-fires, and posted their sentinels.

This was like adding fuel to the flame. We are told and believe that, in general, these myrmidons of King George behaved in a peaceable manner, though they were no true soldiers if they did not make many a midnight assault on the orchards and hen-roosts of the surrounding farms. *À la guerre, comme à la guerre.* Such, in fact, is the tradition. But the knowledge that they were there to overawe the people could not fail sooner or later to produce its legitimate results. To the townsmen a redcoat was now become the badge of servitude and oppression, and these headquarters the hated seat of a despotic ruler.

Indeed, the signs grew so alarming that General Gage shortly ordered up more troops to Salem. It was in vain that this or that pretext was alleged for their presence. The torrent of public indignation could not be stemmed, or a collision much longer averted. Very soon it broke forth in a way to bring matters to a crisis.

In New England every community was and is a little republic. Ever since the first formation of civil government the people had been accustomed to come together in town meeting, there to discuss all matters pertaining to the public weal. It was not only a custom sanctioned by long usage, but it was considered their birth-right. All this had now been swept away by an Act of Parliament, and in its stead was substituted the will of a military ruler. Per-

haps no one step taken by the ministry came so near home to the people as this. It was putting a muzzle upon free speech, a shackle upon unity of action, a collar upon a whole people. If the town-meeting could be suppressed, then the rising spirit of liberty would be struck down in its citadel and stronghold.

In disregard of this monstrous edict, the merchants, freeholders, and other inhabitants of Salem, were summoned to meet together for the purpose of considering what measures should be taken in opposition to the late Acts of Parliament. The governor instantly issued his proclamation forbidding the assembly. No attention being paid to the proclamation, a company of soldiers were ordered into town to disperse the meeting; but before they could march to the place where it was being held, the business for which it had been called was finished, and the people had quietly dispersed. Two or three arrests, however, were made.

So far cooler counsels had prevailed. From this moment, however, the feelings of pent-up exasperation broke through all restraint. General Gage's house of cards was toppling over; the General Court had defied him; the people of Salem spit upon his edicts. His wavering policy disconcerted the bolder Tories and correspondingly emboldened the patriots. Threats and counter-threats buzzed about in the air, were tossed to and fro, and hourly familiarized soldiers and people with the idea that these mutual defiances were only the ominous forerunners of more deadly messengers. Each watched the other closely. Guards were doubled. Upon some sudden rumor the whole encampment was kept under arms all night. Gage himself received a warning of sinister import. One night the inmates of the mansion heard a shot outside. At the same instant a bullet came crashing through the front door—was it mere reckless levity? Was it attempted assassination?

No one has ever accused Thomas Gage of being a physical coward. But if the crisis was become alarming here, it was tenfold more so in that hotbed of rebellion—Boston. Boston was assert-

ing her claim still to be the capital of the province, by showing herself to be the most seditious spot of ground in it. Gage had gayly promised to give them toast for their tea. They were now making faces at him and his soldiers at every street corner. With drawn curtains, in old lofts, in cobwebbed garrets, men and boys were running bullets, cleaning up old muskets, making cartridges, scraping powder-horns, sharpening swords; in grimy cellars, darkened back rooms, and shady passageways they were dropping in one by one with a silent grip or whispered password. This was what had taken the place of the town-meeting.

But General Gage had also received peremptory notice to quit Salem. The women of Marblehead had promised to come over and knock his soldiers on the head with their ladles. We are told by Gordon, the historian, that his own personal safety would have been endangered had not the prompt exertions of Dr. Samuel Holten, of Danvers, himself an undoubted Whig, served to keep in check the exasperation of his neighbors. Only a few days after the affair of the town-meeting General Gage took his departure from the Hooper mansion a wiser, if not a happier, man than when he had entered it with the self-conscious remark that, "We shall soon quell all these feelings, and govern all this," giving a comprehensive sweep of his arm, so as to take in all the glorious prospect visible from this inviting spot. Self-deluded general that he was! in more quiet times he would have made himself a general favorite, since there was nothing of the military despot in his make-up, but to come among an angry and excitable people, tendering the olive-branch on the point of a bayonet, showed that he, too, was the easy dupe of his own false judgment of the Americans, like his royal master.

On the 10th of September the detachment of royal troops, till then stationed at Salem Neck, broke up their camp, and took up the line of march for Boston. Their passage through the town was watched in angry silence. At Danvers the two companies of the 64th, which had been acting as the governor's guard, fell in behind

them, and all turned their backs upon patriotic Danvers with as hearty good-will as that with which the inhabitants saw them depart. Many a hot-blooded youth bitterly regretted that he could not have had a parting shot at them. But the wish was only premature; for within a few short months these same despised countrymen were fighting with these same soldiers face to face on the Lexington road, regardless of death or wounds. How they acquitted themselves there the monument erected to their memory at Danvers bears witness to this day.

It was neatly said of George the Third, that instead of goading his American subjects into rebellion, he would have shown greater wisdom by removing his court, family, and government to this side of the ocean, thus leaving Great Britain, as the lesser country, to shift for herself as a colony.

It is easily seen how the distinction of having entertained the king's governor became for Robert Hooper anything but a source of pleasure after the fighting began. Even a public recantation of his Toryism could not restore his credit with the indignant people, if it could save his property from confiscation. His business was ruined; his fortune seems to have melted away, no one knows how; and in the end he died a poor man, after having disposed of his delightful home, and left the scene of his reverses forever. After the decease of Judge Collins the mansion was for some time owned and occupied by the Rev. P. S. Ten Broeck, grandson of the distinguished Revolutionary general of the same name, who kept a school for young ladies there. As an aid to education, it is a whole corps of teachers in itself.

BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM

DANVERS, MASS.

IN Danvers you will often meet with the name of Putnam. From Danvers it has spread to every quarter of the Union, to be everywhere respected, honored, distinguished in every walk and calling of life. From Danvers started the first wagon train for Marietta, O., founded by a Putnam. He was but following in the footsteps of an ancestor of his who was one of the founders of Danvers.

This was John Putnam, to whom one of the earliest grants was made. In rather more than two hundred years some three thousand five hundred descendants could trace their pedigree back to this John.

The homestead of the first Putnam has become widely known of late years as Oak Knoll, the preferred residence of the lamented poet Whittier, who himself pointed out to me John Putnam's grave. John had a son Thomas, whose son Joseph was the father of General Israel Putnam of the Revolution.

We are now in the Old Witch neighborhood, the scene of our "Reign of Terror" in 1692.

It is indeed a quiet little neighborhood to have made such a noise in the world. Never have I fallen among such a nest of old houses of the earliest types. How sombre they look, after all these years! and how conscious they seem of the secrets lurking in every nook and corner of their old gray walls! We must really halt here a while, for this is one of those spots that the sentimental traveller can ill afford to pass heedlessly by.

The old-travelled highway takes its course through the village, furnishing its single street, and then, stretching away toward Andover, disappears among the hills. 'Tis there our way lies. Through this artery the infection spread unchecked, until, as we have read, there were forty men of Andover who could raise the devil as well as any astrologer. Though this is by no means a lost art in some households, it is not now attended with all those pains and penalties which made it so desperate an undertaking in that day. In ours the name of the Evil One is no longer used to frighten unruly children, or his personality clothed with horns, tail, and cloven feet. *Notre diable est toujours à la mode.*

Step by step we pass from scene to scene. The present meeting-house stands quite near the site of the tunnel-roofed structure of 1692, with belfry and all, much like the Old Ship at Hingham. When the sexton tolled the bell he had to take his stand in the middle of the broad aisle. In 1692 that bell often gave out its sound of fearful import. It was in that house that the Rev. Samuel Parris preached at the time of the witchcraft outbreak, which, strange to say, began in his own family and under his own roof.

In that old meeting-house, and at Deacon Ingersoll's hard by, the first examinations were held. A little farther on we come to the ground where the old parsonage with the lean-to chamber, in which some of these wicked incantations were first tried, stood so long ago. Some traces of the cellar could still be seen; and we were told that some relics of the house itself were used in the barn and outbuildings of the Wadsworth House, which was built in 1785, the year that the old parsonage was torn down. In Parris's house, then called the Ministry House, the circle of young people met whose horrible denunciations presently worked such incalculable mischiefs far and near. Strange, that after such a lapse of time we should still feel such an absorbing interest in every stick and stone in any way associated with this worst of calamities! We are drawn to it in spite of ourselves, and we turn away as from a plague-spot.

But before we go let us take a last look around. Here were the homes of those "possessed damosels," as the infatuated instigators were called, and of the self-deluded or self-exalted dealers in sorcery: of Ann Putnam, for instance, a child only twelve years old, whose testimony sent so many to the scaffold; of Rebecca Nurse, seventy-one years old and one of the salt of the earth, whom even the stern-browed jury could not find it in their hearts to condemn, and so pronounced her "not guilty," but whom the implacable judge, after administering a stern reproof to them, finally sent to her doom. At the Farms lived Giles Corey, that man of iron who, knowing full well the fate in store for him, stubbornly refused to plead, and under the old English law was condemned to the "*peine forte et dure*," by being crushed to death under heavy weights. This is not tradition, but actual fact. Cotton Mather himself confirms it. Calef, too, asserts that the barbarous sentence was carried out, and that as the wretched victim's body yielded to the increasing pressure, his tongue protruded, and was thrust back into his mouth with a cane. Poor old Corey was then over eighty years old. The old ballad makes the sufferer cry out in his agony, —

"'More weight!' now said this wretched man;
'More weight!' again he cried;
And he did no confession make
But wickedly he dyed."

Except the sunken cavity in the turf, the Witch-Ground now shows no evidence of former habitation. Garden and orchard have entirely disappeared. In a corner, however, I found growing a bank of aromatic thyme, half covered with dead leaves. 'Tis best so. The dead leaves rustled mournfully as I turned away

"Out, damned spot — out, I say."

A mile beyond we ought to halt at the house in which Israel Putnam was born.

It stands at the junction of the Newburyport turnpike with the road from Salem to Andover, and is about six miles distant from the former and ten from the latter town.

So slight is the attachment for locality in a country where there is no hereditary descent, and in which our ambitious youth seem fully to have imbibed the idea expressed by Stephen A. Douglas when he



BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM, DANVERS.

said, in effect, that Vermont was a good State to be born in provided you left it early enough, that it is not common to find homes which have been continuously occupied by five generations of the same family. I was therefore most agreeably surprised to find the old homestead still in the possession of the Putnams. It is formed of two structures, belonging to very different periods, the more modern part having been built as late as the year 1744, while the original house is supposed to date as far back as 1650.

In all probability, when sturdy Thomas Putnam hewed out the rough timbers we still see in that house, the whole region roundabout was covered with a shaggy forest. To-day the house is perhaps the sole remnant of that forest. But what an appalling, what a herculean task lay before the stout yeoman when he first looked around him, axe in hand! How slow and painful the steps by which a little planting ground was at length cleared! To our way of thinking, the great labor involved in making the first clearing — in felling trees, burning brushwood, picking up stones, and the like — quite explains the small dimensions of the house. What could wait must wait. So there was just room enough and no more.

The next generation could take things in a more leisurely way, yet the work went on after the same vigorous fashion. What Thomas Putnam had left in the rough his sons set themselves to smoothing over. Thomas had raised his crops of corn and beans among the thick-set stumps, charred logs, and big bowlders of his unsightly clearing. It took nearly a generation before the monster old stumps could be drawn out with the help of a yoke of oxen, and dragged away to the spot where new walls or fences were to be built. Thomas's stone heaps and bowlders were to be served in the same way. From sun up to sun down, with axe, pick, and bar, Joseph Putnam and his boys kept busy the echoes of this securely hidden nook in one ceaseless combat with the obdurate soil, which only yielded its harvest inch by inch. This was the sort of school in which the boy Israel Putnam was born and brought up, and it goes very far toward explaining that marvellous physical activity and power of endurance for which he was as remarkable at the age of sixty as other men are at forty.

Before Israel Putnam was born as many as twelve separate families of Putnams had settled in this vicinity; so that in due time it came to be known as the Putnam neighborhood, of which the present Putnamville is the far-fetched reminder.

It is, even now, a most sequestered neighborhood. The ancient house nestles down in a hollow among the Essex hills, with nothing

to break in upon the quiet which infolds the place except the occasional and discordant shriek of a locomotive as it goes rumbling along its iron pathway near by. Formerly a little brook, in which the boy Putnam may often have angled bareheaded and barefooted, trickled noiselessly along through the neighboring thickets; but the building of the railway has since turned that into another channel. A willow of enormous girth, its trunk seamed and disfigured by deep cavities, like some faithful retainer stricken with age and infirmities, stands sentinel before the door. Notwithstanding the long wrenching of the elements, the tree was still in a "green old age," and for every limb reft away had put forth a dozen new shoots in its stead. Half a mile nearer Salem, there is a quaint old house in which a brother of the general lived. General Rufus Putnam, a valuable engineer officer of the Revolution, and one of the pioneers of Ohio, lived at Sutton, a mile and a half from the place of Old Put's nativity.

Of course I made haste to stand within the chamber in which the general was born. It is a cramped little affair, with rough-hewn posts at the corners, and thick projecting beams overhead. It remains just as it was when the eastern sun came shining through the little panes to greet the astonished vision of young Putnam's baby eyes. In the garret the rafters still show fragments of bark adhering to them, while not a vestige of the forest from which they were cut remains. A stand of bullets moulded for some Frenchman of Montcalm's day, and an old hanger such as was worn by officers prior to the Revolution, were among the few *souvenirs* remaining in the house.

Israel Putnam was born here in 1718, his grandfather having been the first immigrant of the name who settled in Danvers. After his marriage to Sarah Pope, of Salem, he removed to Pomfret, Connecticut, when he was twenty-one. Every stage of his history—boyhood, manhood, and mature age—is filled with incidents illustrating his activity, courage, and address. All this made him the popular idol of his day. In Danvers they still relate how the boy Putnam overcame a ferocious bull he had been sent to drive home. The

animal having at first driven him from the pasture, young Put, nothing daunted by a first rebuff, got a pair of spurs, put them on, and returned to the field, where he gained a position behind a large tree. The bull again attacked him, when Putnam, quickly seizing his bullship by the tail, sprung lightly upon his back. Plunging his sharp rowels in the sides of his fiery steed, the animal, maddened with rage and pain, rushed into a miry part of the field, where he stuck fast, and soon bellowed for mercy.

In pondering the story of the Revolution, — its trials and hardships, its hopes and fears, — there could hardly be a better object-lesson for the youth of to-day than this very plain-looking dwelling presents. It has been the cradle of a man of the people, who raised himself to a high station by sheer force of his own natural powers. These humble antecedents forcibly remind us that the battle was fought and victory won, not by scholars or troubadours, but by the great agricultural middle class, — the hard-handed yeomanry, used to digging ditches and guiding the plough. It was they who formed the real backbone of the Revolution; they who not only filled the ranks, but led them to the field. Who were the successful generals? Not the Lees, the Gateses, or St. Clairs, or Conways, — educated soldiers all, — but the Greenes, Putnams, Starks, Morgans, and Knoxes, — men fresh from the anvil, the plough, or the workshop; the first in the field and last out of it.

“He dared to lead where any dared to follow.” That is the soldier’s epitaph.

In seeking for some flaw in this plain, blunt soldier’s harness, his critics have sometimes pretended that he was illiterate. And what of that? As a specimen of good terse English, however, the following note may serve to illustrate that fallacy: —

HEADQUARTERS, 7th *August*, 1777.

“SIR, — Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy’s service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

“ISRAEL PUTNAM.”

“P. S. — He has been accordingly hanged.”

THE LAST RESIDENCE OF JAMES OTIS

ANDOVER, MASS.

IN a retired part of the town of Andover, Massachusetts, there is still standing the old farmhouse which was the asylum of the gifted patriot James Otis, after his mind became hopelessly wrecked. It is about two miles from the pretty little manufacturing village of Ballard Vale, and not more than four from the Theological Seminary. Here, with the exception of a short lucid interval, which served to arouse hopes speedily disappointed by a relapse, Otis passed the last two years of his life with Captain Isaac Osgood, a well-to-do farmer of the town. When this period had nearly expired, his friends, believing him entirely recovered, advised his return to Boston; and he was accordingly brought back to town by his nephew, Harrison Gray Otis, who has related how fascinated he was by the sparkle and wit of his uncle's conversation during their journey. A renewal of his intercourse with his old friends and associates of the Revolutionary clubs, and especially with Governor Hancock, whose dinner-parties were distinguished for their conviviality and late hours, soon brought on a relapse of his malady. He went back to Andover of his own accord; and on Friday afternoon, May 23, 1783, exactly six weeks after he had again become an inmate of the Osgood farmhouse, a stroke of lightning laid him dead upon the threshold of the house in which he was already as good as buried from the world.

Such is, in brief, the story of the deplorable ending of a life of magnificent promise, — a life which, perhaps more than any other of its time, bore the unmistakable stamp of true genius. When such



a life as that is actually thrown away, we almost feel as if something was out of order in the plan of the universe.

Whoever may have had occasion to go on such a search as mine, must often have remarked with what ease the places where great men have once lived—yes, and even their very names—are forgotten. Any question concerning what happened longer ago than yesterday is sure to startle honest Hodge out of his usual dulness.



THE OSGOOD FARMHOUSE, ANDOVER, MASS.

One man looks at another. Then both look at you in silent astonishment. Finally you get the direction you want and walk on, followed by that same vacant stare that you and I know so well.

I found the Osgood farmhouse no exception to this rule, nor did I succeed in getting properly directed until I chanced upon a villager who had been a farm-hand on the place more than seventy years before. He spoke of "Jimmy" Otis as familiarly as if he had been on terms of personal intimacy with him, and glibly told, as he

walked along by the side of his oxen, such little scraps of family tradition as had been treasured up relative to one of the most gifted and unfortunate of men.

The Osgood farmhouse is just such a quiet, out-of-the-way nook as one so afflicted as Otis was would wish to have looked up for him, especially at a time when there were no such boons to society as private asylums for the insane. The road, as you approach it, makes a wide sweep, the capacious barns and out-buildings being upon one side and the house upon the other. The residence has one front looking down the road, and another facing toward the south, as seen in the illustration. Before the door on this side are two oak-trees, the one nearest the house being much riven by lightning. A very extensive tract of open land extends on all sides.

The house is an old one — older than it looks. It stands in a charming situation, where, by stepping to his door, the owner could look out over all his broad acres at a glance. Otis himself grew fond of it, though with a man of his active temperament the first gleam of a returning intelligence was a signal to be up and away. Yes, the place is singularly peaceful; but we can easily realize how a man who had ever lived in the world, or for the world, might be apt to compare it with the peace of the tomb.

It does sometimes seem as if Otis' wandering mind now and then got a glimpse into futurity itself. With plenty to eat, and nothing to do, he grew fat and lethargic; but just as soon as the muddy stream of his disordered intellect began to flow clear again, just so soon he was both mentally and physically alert as of old. On the very day after his return to Andover, when Mr. Osgood came to call him to dinner, he said with great earnestness, "Osgood, if I die while I am in your house, I charge you to have me buried under these trees" (referring to those under which they were then standing), then adding, with one of those little touches of humor that occasionally shone forth in him like a gleam of sun-

shine from out a darkened sky, "You know my grave would overlook all your fields, and I could have an eye upon the boys and see if they minded their work."

I found the house nearly as bare of all useful information as the way to it. How much I would have given for a few minutes with some one who had seen and could appreciate such a man as Otis! I learned that he was very fat, a great gourmand, and "Oh, such a funny man!" I was shown the spot where he stood when struck down. To paraphrase an old saying for the nonce, I have learned that in pilgrimages of this sort, one must carry his information under the folds of his mantle.

Any search for actual memorials of this most unfortunate of men would be unavailing. We may recover only a few details concerning the manner of his death. Otis occupied a room on the left of the entrance as we see it in the engraving. When the rapid gathering of heavy clouds seemed to presage a thunder-storm, the family were collected in the room on the right and opposite to that of Otis, who stood leaning against the door-post unconcernedly chatting with the group within. While in the act of telling a story, a tremendous explosion directly overhead, followed by a blinding flash, startled the listeners, one and all; and at the same instant, seeing Otis stagger, as if about to fall, Jacob Osgood sprang forward to catch him in his arms. The doomed man never spoke again. All efforts to resuscitate him were vain. He had died on the instant, while yet speaking.

None other of the seven or eight persons within the room at the time were in the least injured. The storm appeared to have spent its fury in this single death-dealing bolt, which had first struck the chimney-stack, then leaped down a rafter which rested on the door-post against which Otis was leaning, splintering the casing of the door, and so passed on down to the ground.

It is somewhat remarkable that Otis should have expressed to his own sister, Mercy Warren, a wish that the end might come for

him in this very way—a wish he again and again repeated. “My dear sister,” he said, after his mind had become hopelessly impaired, “I hope when God Almighty, in his righteous providence, shall take me out of time into eternity, that it will be by a flash of lightning!”

As the life was brilliant, so the end was highly dramatic. I have never been able to get out of my mind the striking coincidence there was between John Adams’ apt characterization of Otis as “a flame of fire,” and the way in which he came to his death.

The marks left in its passage by the fatal fluid have been thoroughly effaced. I confess that I was unprepared for the observation of an occupant of the house, to the effect that the blood of Otis had formerly bespattered the door; but then—and she seemed to say it regretfully—the door had been painted over by some thoughtless person, and all traces thoroughly obliterated. As to that story, it is known that there were neither marks of any kind on the body of Otis, nor the least distortion of his features.

Otis was the senior of all the men who, in New England, formed the Revolution, except Samuel Adams, his antipode. He was the ablest, as he was the most feared, of all the patriot junto. There were but one or two men on the side of the Crown who could pretend to break a lance with him in debate or in the newspapers. He brought all the resources of history to his aid at the bar, and he had all the ablest of the Old World commentators at his tongue’s end. It was to Otis that John Dickinson sent his famous “Farmer’s Letters,” to be used as his judgment might dictate. The “Circular Letter” of 1768 was drawn up by Otis, and revised by Samuel Adams, to whom this, as well as other documents now among the ablest of our State papers, were passed over by the author with the remark, “I have written them all, and handed them over to Sam to *quicuvicue* them,”—a word coined by Otis for this occasion. Had Otis remained in his right mind, he undoubtedly would have enjoyed the perilous distinction of being

the first man to be proscribed by the British ministry. Certainly it was a distinction, which, if not coveted, had at least been richly earned.

It was Otis who struck the keynote to the Revolution by his famous speech against the Writs of Assistance. John Adams candidly admits that Otis was his political master. Among all the men who in New England set the Revolution on its feet, made it respectable in the eyes of the world and in its own, James Otis was unquestionably the peer. When Otis was being talked about at Westminster and St. James', Sam Adams was hardly known outside of town-meetings, John Adams only as a struggling barrister, and John Hancock not at all in any political sense. What the loss of such a man, in the high prime of life, and full vigor of his extraordinary mental powers, meant to the cause, can scarcely be realized at this day. When Otis assumed its direction, he did so as the leader of a forlorn hope. But he had the moral intrepidity for anything.

All the measures proposed by the opponents of the royal government were discussed and matured in the clubs. In Boston, the principal of these was the Merchants' Club, which had existed for twenty years previous to the rupture with the mother-country. The club held its meetings in a front room of the British Coffee-house in King Street, which was much frequented by all the leaders of popular opinion. Otis' inexhaustible humor, trenchant wit, and biting sarcasm made him as much the central figure of this circle as Sheridan, who resembled him in many respects, was at Bellamy's and the London clubs. This also made him the object of bitter hatred to the Royalists, one of whom, an officer of the customs named Robinson, with his friends, assaulted Otis with a bludgeon, inflicting those wounds on the head which eventually caused his insanity.

For this assault Otis recovered two thousand pounds damages in a civil action; but such was the extraordinary magnanimity

of the man that he forgave the debt upon receiving a written apology from Robinson, who unquestionably had meant, if not to kill Otis outright, at least to disable or maim him for life. What could not be done by fair argument was thus to be effected by force.

There is little doubt that there was much secret rejoicing among the Tories when Otis was thus "put out of the way," for we know he was equally hated and feared.

After his unfortunate encounter with Robinson, which happened in this very coffee-house, Otis became noticeably garrulous, and much more violent and unguarded than ever in his invectives against the crown officers; but his shafts no longer, as of old, went straight to the mark. He occasionally displayed flashes of his former genius; but the native warmth of his temper, never under much control, was greatly aggravated by his infirmity, especially so after a little too free indulgence in wine.

Yet Otis continued now and then to take part in public affairs with some of his old spirit,—so much so that his more sanguine friends grew hopeful of his full and entire recovery.

A private and unpublished letter now before me, dated September 2, 1776, says that on the previous Monday, James Otis addressed a town-meeting in Boston, and spoke as well as ever, finding great fault with the choosing of some officials during the unsettled state of the town. The "White Wigs," as the more wealthy and influential were called, finally carried the day.

Except in what relates to his public career—and of that we do not know any too much—we hear little about Otis, for the reason that in one of his fits of despondency he destroyed all his private papers. This is the more to be regretted because he is known to have had a very rich and extensive correspondence.

There are, however, two or three anecdotes preserved of him which serve to set forth some of his peculiar traits, since it is the man himself who is speaking to us.

In the course of some discussion, Otis having cited the eminent French jurist, Domat, Governor Bernard languidly inquired who Domat was. Quick as a flash came the reply, "He is a very distinguished civilian, and not the less an authority from being unknown to your excellency."

Otis' whimsical rebuke of his friend Molineux one night at the club gives an excellent idea of him when he felt himself in a facetious vein. It seems that Molineux had been bitterly complaining of ill-usage by the Legislature in some affair in which he was interested, in a manner that wearied and disgusted the company. Otis at last arose, and said: "Come, Will, quit this subject, and let us enjoy ourselves. I also have a list of grievances: will you hear it?" The club expected some fun; and all cried out, "Ay! ay! let us hear your list!" After reciting some of his sacrifices by the loss of offices, which were worth four hundred pounds sterling a year, Otis continued:—

"In the next place, I have lost a hundred friends, among whom were the men of the first rank, fortune, and power in the Province—at what price will you estimate them?"

"Hang them," said Molineux, "at nothing; you are better off without them than with them." (A loud laugh.)

"Be it so," said Otis. "In the next place, you know I love pleasure; but I have renounced all amusement for ten years. What is that worth to a man of pleasure?"

"No great matter," said Molineux; "you have made politics your amusement." (A hearty laugh.)

"Once more," said Otis, holding his head down before Molineux, "look upon this head!" (displaying a scar in which a man might bury his finger). "What do you think of this? And, what is worse, my friends think I have a monstrous crack in my skull."

At this, John Adams, who was present, says the company all at once became very grave, and all looked solemn; but Otis, setting up a laugh, said, with a gay countenance, to Molineux:—

"Now, Willie, my advice to you is to say no more about your

grievances; for you and I had better put up our accounts of profit and loss in our pockets and say no more about them, lest the world should laugh at us."

This humorous dialogue put all the company, Molineux included, in good humor, and the remainder of the evening was passed joyously.

THE RED HORSE

LONGFELLOW'S "WAYSIDE INN"

SUDBURY, MASS.

*"And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse
Hung in the parlor of the inn
Beneath the sign of the Red Horse."*

LONGFELLOW.

AN Elegy in a Country Tavern has yet to be written by some disciple of Mr. Gray, with chambers in Pump Court instead of Pembroke College. When, therefore, I enter one of these old hostelrys of famous memory, I feel inclined to remove my hat, and repeat a mental *ave* to the departed company of glorious old fellows who cracked their jokes and sipped their punch so many years ago.

It is a never-failing delight to remember that these houses were once frequented by gentlemen in cocked-hats, bag-wigs, small-swords, and the like, and that the conversation, graceful and polished, always introduced with a formal "Sir," and punctuated with many stately bowings and scrapings, was such as is now never heard except in legitimate comedy as presented at some of our first-class theatres. How we should stare to be sure, to be accosted by some Jack Wilkes, Sam Foote, or Davy Garrick, in ruffles and laced waistcoat, with leg advanced in artistic pose, and negligently tapping a jewelled snuff-box! And how vapid our social chatter seems after a brilliant drawing-room conversation in "She Stoops to Conquer," or an evening with the author of the *Spectator*!

Epistolary correspondence is another lost art. Railway and telegraph have sucked all the marrow out of modern letter-writing, and

left us nothing but the dry bones and watery commonplaces. The private correspondence of great men, once so rich in materials for the history of their time, has now become of so little moment as to render its examination scarce worth the making, except to autograph hunters. Woe to the man so regardless of the fitness of things as to intrude into a business letter an expression of interest in the personal welfare of his correspondent! He is at once set down as no business man. His very credit would be in jeopardy for so reckless a disregard of the maxim of the day — namely, that “Business is business.” Yet it is some consolation to know that the days of Fielding, Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, and Johnson are not likely to be forgotten as easily as their dress and social customs have faded from recollection.

Some people have a mania for visiting apartments in which celebrated personages have succumbed to the grim foe of mortality. Others prefer the lugubrious associations of the churchyard, with its story of baffled hopes, and perhaps most welcome release from a struggle for mere existence. To my mind there is quite as much sense and far more poetry in communion with the grand old men of the past in the haunts of their happier hours, consecrated by the pleasantest of memories, and where the approaches of life’s enemy were combated with unflagging stomachs. For the time, at least, we can put aside whatever might have embittered their lives, to listen to their formal toasts, their rattling choruses, or sparkling wit, and mayhap ourselves make one in one of those mighty carousals of which the present generation has little conception. For a *tête-à-tête* with phantoms my preference, as between the drooping willows and dank grass of the churchyard and a snug corner at the “Wayside,” is unquestionably given to the more comfortable quarters of mine host.

What the subject is capable of has often been shown. We mount our palfrey in the courtyard of the Tabard with the Canterbury pilgrims, the company marshalled by

“Old Chaucer’s boast, the goodly host,
Immortal Harry Bailly!”

We loiter with Dryden at Will's Coffee-house, where he sits among the critics, the undisputed lawgiver in all literary disputes. We enjoy many a hearty laugh at the Mitre, in Fleet Street, where Boswell tells us that Johnson loved to sit up late — *à propos*, what a nice young man for a tea-party was Bozzy, and how we could have enjoyed seeing him snubbed by burly Sam! — and, last but not least, we linger long about the rickety galleries of the White Hart, in the Borough, where Jack Cade once made his headquarters (or we have been wickedly misled), and where Dickens first introduced us to Samuel Weller the younger, and where also the machinations of designing Alfred Jingle were thwarted by our *preux chevalier* Pickwick. A place in those days above the salt was no such bad thing after all.

Mr. Tennyson, in that inimitable monologue which has given additional relish to every Englishman's mutton-chop or pint of port, has introduced us to his muse under the exhilarating influence of the blazing hearth and well-known good cheer of the hostel. He tells the waiter, "a something pottle-bodied boy," that, when he dies, —

"No carved cross-bones, the type of Death,
Shall show thee passed to heaven;
But carved cross-pipes, and, underneath,
A pint-pot neatly graven."

Mine host has been celebrated in song and story in the most ancient chronicles and poesy. The heart instinctively warms at the mention of his name; for to his care was confided that most sensitive of organs — to wit, the stomach. Not one of these worthy landlords was ever known to fall, like Vatel, upon his own sword, because there was not enough roast-meat to go round. "He who sleeps dines," may pass for a proverb in France, but could never have become very popular with our English ancestors, who knew far better how to sleep off a hearty meal than go without one — they would infinitely have preferred a lengthened vigil to the briefest period of fasting, and must always be well fed before being led

to battle. All men must die; but, in order that the evil day may be averted as long as possible, all men must dine. Such, indeed, was the whole philosophy of tavern-life.

The tavern occupied in the eighteenth century the place which the club does now, with the greater advantage that its doors were open to all comers. Any stranger might mingle in the general conversation of the tap-room without fear of being considered an intruder; and as the poor Irishman once told Goldsmith, when instructing him how to live in London on thirty pounds a year, by spending twopence at a coffee-house you might be "in very good company" several hours every day.

What was characteristic of the old English inns may be applied with certain modifications to this side of the water. Signs swung in Cornhill, Broadway, or Chestnut Street similar to those that creaked within a short walk of Temple Bar. Bench and bar, merchants and tradesmen, assembled at the taverns to read their letters, buy and sell, discuss the latest phase of European politics, and exchange all the current gossip. Literature we had none; but Pope, Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, and the rest, were as warmly criticised or lauded as they might have been in Longacre or Cheap. When George III. was king, the taverns speedily became noted as political centres—nearly all the revolutionary measures being concerted in tavern-coteries or at the clubs. The Non-Importation Act originated at a private club; the destruction of the tea was planned in a tavern. We insist that the annals of some of these old inns would not be without interest in connection with certain passages of American history—such, for example, as the meeting of the delegates to the Philadelphia Congress of 1774, at Smith's City Tavern, before they walked to Carpenter's Hall to organize; or that most affecting leave-taking by Washington of his lieutenants, at Francis's Tavern, in New York—a scene to which that of Fontainebleau, with all its dramatic embracings of standards, does not hold a candle, in our opinion.

In a secluded nook among the Middlesex hills, three miles from Sudbury Centre and about an hour's ride by rail from Boston, is the ancient hostelry which Mr. Longfellow has made famous by his "Tales of a Wayside Inn." It is so embowered among the trees as not to be perceived until a sharp turn of the road brings you almost to the old-fashioned door. And even when you have arrived there, so perfect is the sense of seclusion, so complete the silence,



THE RED HORSE (WAYSIDE INN), SUDBURY, MASS.

that it is difficult to believe this now deserted road was ever a much-travelled highway. Nevertheless, the "Wayside" — or, to call things by their right names, the "Red Horse" — stands on the old post-route between Boston and the Connecticut River, once the great thoroughfare all travelled, and over which a lumbering stage-coach once passed twice a week.

The region round about, though quiet enough now, is full of the records of more stirring times. Marlborough, Sudbury, and Lan-

caster, the neighboring towns, were frequently harried and well-nigh destroyed in 1676, during Philip's War; and Sudbury Fight, as it is called, has a monument above the graves of the outnumbered colonial soldiers who, when driven like hunted deer to a hilltop from which there was no escape, sold their lives almost to a man on that bloody spot. Not far from us Mount Nobscot rears high its green bulk; and, should we stand on its summit, rare glimpses there would be of hill and vale, forest and stream, with floods of light and shade—a coloring never seen on canvas—and a delightful vista of tranquil inland scenery for twenty miles around.

Mr. Longfellow freely admitted, in the course of a conversation with the writer, that the idea of the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" was taken from Boccaccio's "Decamerone." The inn, he said, served as a framework for his tales. And he was equally unreserved with regard to certain deviations from the strict letter of historical narratives. Like Mr. Whittier, he claimed the fullest freedom in adapting the story to the wants of his muse. This is nothing new. Thucydides long ago warned his readers against the blandishments of the poets. And Waller has put the same idea into his famous reply to Charles II.: "Your majesty knows that poets always succeed best in fiction."

In his "Prelude" Mr. Longfellow has described some of the more salient features of the "Wayside," not forgetting the 'scutcheon of mine host, nor the "jovial rhymes" cut with a diamond on the window-pane.

The house is believed to have been built soon after 1680, it having been for nearly a century and a half continuously a public-house, kept by generation after generation of the family of Howe. Indeed, among the country folk it was always spoken of as the Howe Tavern. In respect to antiquity and continued public service, the "Red Horse" may, I think, claim precedence of any tavern in America. Its door was not finally closed to the traveller until 1860, or long after it had outlived its usefulness, and few

customers passed its well-worn threshold. Across the broad space left for the road are the barns and outbuildings, near which stood the tall post on which the sign-board hung. "Look at the date!" exclaims Thoreau, whose lungs expand joyously in presence of the newly discovered hostelry. The sign, in fact, bore the following inscription: —

"D. H., 1686.
E. H., 1746.
A. Howe, 1796."

One corner of the tap-room was railed off from the rest of the room, and furnished with a wooden portcullis, to which the open sesame was a few coppers or an old-fashioned fo'pence. This was the bar, which I judge to have been well patronized. In fact, the sanded floor appeared well worn by the shuffling of many feet, and the thick oak beams overhead had taken a deeper coloring, due perhaps to their long seasoning with the steam of spiced rum or flip. As long ago as 1724, during Lovewell's War, this tap-room was the regular rendezvous of the troop of horse that patrolled the roads hereabouts — a band of steel-capped, buff-coated riders, who knew right well where good liquor was to be had by hook or by crook, as soldiers usually do. On the day of the battle of Lexington the minute-men from Worcester, led by Timothy Bigelow, rested here after making a forced march, until the distant rumbling of Percy's cannon hurried them on to the front again.

But, for all these traditions, the "Wayside" might have dozed away its declining years, forgotten of men, if Mr. Longfellow had not found it out, rekindled the fire on its cold hearth-stone, and with a flourish of his pen, as one might say, given it such custom as no hostelry since Chaucer's day has enjoyed.

In the "Decamerone" of Boccaccio the terrors of the plague hang over the merry company. The *raconteur* endeavors to drive away the fear of the dread scourge from the minds of his hearers

by keeping up their spirits. Mr. Longfellow has discarded all such sinister surroundings. His company is made up of landlord, student, Spanish Jew, Sicilian, musician, theologian, and poet, whose stories are told around a blazing wood-fire in the best room of the "Red Horse." One of the old bachelor brothers (Adam and Lyman Howe, the last descendants of a long line of landlords) tells us the story of "Paul Revere's Ride" in verse, that sends the hot blood pulsing through the veins like a trumpet-call, and would have produced on some old Revolutionary pensioner the effect Béranger so sharply describes in the "Vieux Sergent"—

"Le sang remonte à son front qui grisonne,
Le vieux coursier a senti l'aiguillon."

The rest of the company relate the wild legends of other climes, the roof-tree of the old inn furnishing the setting. At least four of their number are real characters, who were known to affect the quiet of the place, and the cakes and ale of mine host.

During a visit made to the poet at his historic mansion in Cambridge, he talked very pleasantly of his first introduction to the "Wayside" some thirty years before. Let the travellers of to-day who grumble at spending six hours on the road between Boston and New York take notice. The stage then left town at three o'clock in the morning, reaching Sudbury Tavern for breakfast, a considerable portion of the route being thus traversed in total darkness and without your having the least idea who your companions inside might be. It was under circumstances thus unprepossessing that he first made acquaintance with Howe's Tavern. Being then upon the subject of taverns and ways of travel, he also narrated some of his experiences of stage-travel between Boston and Portland, when the "accommodation" took two days for the journey. In winter this "accommodation" of illusory import was nothing more than an ordinary sleigh, furnished with sides of coarse bocking, which madly plunged into the cradle-holes, or slowly

struggled on through the deep snow-drifts like a ship in a heavy sea. The stage then stopped for the night at Portsmouth, a place we do not forget in thinking of "Mistress Stavers" and the "Earl of Halifax."

While seated in the poet's study my attention was drawn to some very good crayon portraits of such of our literary file-leaders as Emerson and Hawthorne, taken before time and care had snatched all the spiritual out of their faces, and left them

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Another of Mr. Sumner, as he might have looked thirty years before, thin-visaged, and with a deeply thoughtful expression, hung above the fireplace. It being just after the election of General Hayes to the presidency, I said, with a glance at this portrait, "He would have made an important figure in this crisis, would he not?" To which the poet replied very earnestly, "I'm glad we've got along without him. That," he added, pointing to the big easy-chair in which I was sitting before the fireplace, "is Sumner's chair. He liked to lounge." There was, it is understood, a close sympathy between the poet and Mr. Sumner, whose death, like that of Agassiz, was to the former as a personal bereavement.

I have said much more of Mr. Longfellow than of the Wayside Inn, but the hostelry and the poet are henceforth one and inseparable. Since that visit was paid, the most gracious poet in his personal demeanor toward humbler men of letters has been gathered to his fathers.

None of the later photographs of him are at all satisfying. Almost invariably they represent a man older by a dozen years than he, with strongly marked and somewhat harsh physiognomy. His face, on the contrary, possessed mobility, and beamed with a natural benignity that the camera has not caught. His complexion was warm, and in agreeable contrast with his hair and beard, both of which were white as snow, and were worn long and very abundant.

He had neither the picturesque wildness of the late British laureate, nor the patriarchal grandeur of the author of "Thanatopsis," who might at any time within the last twenty years of his life have sat for Elijah, or one of the prophets. Mr. Longfellow's head impressed me like a study from one of the Greek antiques, classic and noble. His manner was frank and winning, without any of that overpowering self-consciousness with which some of our *literati* are hedged about.

But I had clean forgotten the "Red Horse," and it is now high time to say *au revoir*. The inn, never fear, will keep its place in history. We do not forget that Taylor, the water-poet, once kept a public house, or that Israel Putnam was a publican. In the Bible we read that the Saviour was laid in the manger because there was no more room at the inn in Bethlehem. Yet the days of the old-time hostelry are no more. In its stead have arisen the marble and plate-glass palaces, which make one shiver to look at them, and the chop-houses, which have made indigestion national; but when, as in the case of the "Wayside," we encounter one of these old inns left high and dry in some forgotten by-way, our thoughts go back to the era when the world enjoyed itself as well as it knew how, and was content. Right glad are we, then, that "Old Sudbury Inn," its oaks and its woodbine, have been embalmed in imperishable verse. Still more comfort do we take in the recent announcement that Sudbury Inn has been purchased by a public-spirited citizen with a view to its preservation.

THE PEPPERELLS OF KITTERY POINT

KITTERY, be it briefly said for the benefit of those unfortunates who have not yet found their way to it, and to whom the name even may at first sound a little outlandish, as it once did to me, is situated in the extreme south-western corner of Maine — the jumping-on-place, as one might say, since Eastport, at the other extremity of the State, has so long been popularly known as the jumping-off-place.

There is a good deal of Kittery, as land seems to have been of no object when most of these Maine towns were laid out (Kittery, in fact, having at one time been about as large or larger than the State of Rhode Island, if I am not greatly in error) ; but we have no present concern except with that little corner of it which lies tucked away almost in Old Ocean's tossing bed — the Point — Kittery Point.

It is only in some such out-of-the-way corner as this that one can still discover, here and there, some few traces of the old, the real New England villages — the old houses that were once good enough for anybody to live in (no new ones had been built within the memory of man), the severely plain Orthodox meeting-house standing stiffly up on its neatly kept green, like an ever-watchful sentinel at his post, and here and there the mansion of some village magnate, the only one to whom the title of Mr. was vouchsafed, whose bones now moulder in the village churchyard under a free-stone slab, reciting his many virtues to empty air.

In former times, which saying may mean, in America, not more than ten or twenty years ago, Kittery was not so often heard of outside its own borders or so easily reached as now. One modest

public house served all comers. You went there from Portsmouth by a stage, whose driver, being the errand-boy for the whole village, did his chores as he went along, and answered a perfect fusilade of questions as fast as they were popped at him. You passed Spruce Creek bridge at a trot that made everything rattle again, took the sharp rise past the village meeting-house and churchyard at a gallop, fell into a slow walk as you mounted the last hill, on which the unfinished fort, —

“Like the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower,
Unfinished must remain,”

and saw before you that most beautiful and refreshing, and at the same time silencing, of all sights, the ocean strewn with white sails, like lilies scattered upon some magnificent blue carpet. In a few minutes more you were deposited at the hospitable door of mine host Safford.

Right at the turning of the road stands a very old house. Sir William Pepperell, Bart., lived and died in that house. Between the road and the hotel you will pass by his tomb, by which you will understand that these grounds—yes, and acres more—were once his grounds, though I never could quite see why the tomb should be considered one of the hotel attractions. Reader, do you?

You will now hear much more of Sir William Pepperell than ever before. For some time, at least, you will breathe a Pepperell atmosphere. The Pepperell mansion will inevitably be the very first place you will visit; for should you neglect doing so, the avowal will be certain to bring a look of such amazement to the face of your first acquaintance that you will feel it as a merited reproof.

Then, why not go there beforehand with me?

The Pepperell mansion, as we see it, really consists of two houses, the south part having been built by the father of the conqueror of Louisburg, and the north part by Sir William himself. The building was once much more extensive than it now appears; it having been, some

forty years ago, shortened by ten feet at either end. Until the death of the elder Pepperell, in the year 1734, this house was occupied by his own and his son's families, according to that good old custom we have now outgrown, and must have then contained as many apartments as a good-sized modern hotel. The lawn in front reached quite down to the water; and an avenue, a quarter of a mile in length, skirted by trees, led all the way to the house of Colonel Sparhawk, a little



HOME OF SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL.

east of the village church. Plain as is its exterior, the Pepperell mansion represents one of the greatest fortunes of the colonial time in all New England. It used to be commonly said that Sir William could ride to the Saco, thirty miles distant from his home, without going off of his own possessions.

The elder Sir William, by his will, made the son of his daughter Elizabeth and Colonel Sparhawk his residuary legatee, on condition of

his grandson's relinquishing the name of Sparhawk and taking that of Pepperell. The baronetcy, being extinct with the elder Sir William, was revived by the king for the benefit of this grandson of his, who, being an out-and-out loyalist, went to England in 1775, and the large estates in Maine and elsewhere were confiscated. The last baronet is the prominent figure in West's "Reception of the American Loyalists." In the poet Longfellow's Cambridge mansion there is, or was, hanging in the drawing-room, one of Copley's striking pictures, representing two children in a park, the portraits being those of William and Elizabeth Royall Pepperell. In the Essex Institute at Salem, Mass., there is a full-length portrait of the victor of Louisburg, painted in London, by Smibert, in 1751. The baronet is attired in a coat of scarlet cloth, richly laced, and has a truncheon in his hand. The background is filled in with a spirited representation of the siege in full action.

And who was this William Pepperell, upon whom all these honors had been showered? A mere trader and shipbuilder of Kittery Point; a man who had been all his life contentedly engaged in peaceful pursuits—in adding year by year to his gains and his ventures, on sea and land, until his wealth had become the talk of the colony; a man of scrupulous integrity, of virtuous character, of reserved powers perhaps that only needed the call of opportunity to draw them out. That this quiet, unassuming, contented man of business should be suddenly called upon to lead an army forth to a desperate and well-nigh hopeless undertaking, is an instructive reminder that the old traditions were not extinct by which every colonist was at least half a soldier. It lets us into the spirit of that utterly contemptible policy by which the colonists were left to fight their own battles or perish. All they possessed in the world had been won by their own efforts. From Acadia to the Carolinas one long bloody track attested their trials and their never-failing courage. These were indeed more peaceful times, but when the summons did come again it found the sons worthy of the sires. War was now threatening them again, not indeed a war of their own making or of their own choosing, but one into which they

were being dragged by the ridiculous quarrels in Europe about the Austrian succession. Nevertheless, it was war. Their fishery, ship-building, commerce — their all, in short — were at stake. So the old drums were taken down from the wall, the preachers went up into their pulpits, men and boys spent the long winter evenings in running bullets and in cleaning up the old Queen's arms, and women diligently worked at scraping lint. Suggestive division of labor! — the men's of dangers to be met, the women's of binding up their wounds.

Against all the obstacles that can be conceived of William Shirley created an army and fleet. Against all the probabilities in the case William Pepperell took Louisburg. What does the world say of such desperate enterprises as this was? If unsuccessful, they are just what might be expected from sheer ignorance, rashness, and self-conceit; if successful, they are strokes of genius.

And what was going on over the water? The year 1745 opened with all Europe in commotion. The Emperor Charles VII. dead in January; all the petty German princes striving for the imperial crown; France supporting the pretensions of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; Austria, seeing her advantage in the muddle, invades Bohemia; Frederick the Great swoops down upon Saxony, and marches into Dresden at the head of his grenadiers; war is surging along the Rhenish frontier, and blazing fiercely in Silesia, Hungary, and Italy; France is in the field with a powerful army, led by her illustrious soldier and profligate, Maurice de Saxe.

England has, of course, a hand in the broil. Dissension is in her cabinet when unity is all essential. Lord Chesterfield is hurried off to the Hague to try to induce the States General to engage in the war. The quadruple alliance is signed at Warsaw, England, as usual, furnishing the money. The allied army, under the Duke of Cumberland, confidently advances against the French, and once more Belgium becomes the battle-ground. Fontenoy is fought. Marshal Saxe, giving orders from his litter because too sick to mount his horse, wins the day, and with it all the Austrian Nether-

lands. Duke William, afterward the red-handed victor of Drum-mossie Moor, falls back upon Brussels.

Here the beaten and dispirited army is roused from its despondency by the news of the fall of Louisburg, the great French stronghold, sometimes called the Dunkirk of America. Great were the rejoicings in the allied camp. A review of the whole army, by order of the duke, signalized the event. The forces were drawn up in battle order, the park of artillery being formed on an extensive plain near Vilvorden. According to the military etiquette of the time, the field-officers saluted his royal highness as he passed the line by dropping the points of their swords, while the other officers, who carried fusees, only took off their hats.

Enough could not be said in England in praise of the gallantry of the colonists. In thirty years these very colonists were being called cowards, poltroons, lambs, by the same fickle popular voice!

Nothing better illustrates the ever-changing fortunes which men and nations experience than the fact that the mighty fortress which cost twenty-five years to build, sustained two sieges, and before whose strong walls hundreds of lives were sacrificed, would, if it were now in existence, possess not the least political consequence, while, on the other hand, the homely dwelling of the Pepperells still remains, overlooking the sea much as it did when the flag of France waved above the battlements of Cape Breton.

That is the whole story in a nutshell down to the time when Sir William passed off the stage; his favorite grandson became a banished man, and his name, title, and possessions were swallowed up in the vortex of revolution. His very grave was treated with cruel neglect. Surely, Sir William Pepperell deserved better of his country than that all his lands and estates should now be comprised in that six feet of ground yonder. From the page of history the name of Sir William Pepperell shines out gloriously, perennially; the story of Louisburg is deathless; on the actual face of things the name of Sir William Pepperell is only a national reproach.

Close by the mansion is the very ancient dwelling of John Bray, the bluff old shipwright, whose daughter Margery, the baronet's father wooed and won, notwithstanding Bray's dislike of the match, as he thought his daughter was throwing herself away. Back in the neighborhood of the meeting-house, which was passed on our way down to the Point, is the mansion built by Lady Pepperell after her husband's death. After living thirty years a widow, she died in that house in 1789, and in a few years more the property came into the possession of Captain Joseph Cutts, in whose family it still remains.

Farther on, toward the sea, the same road we have travelled will take us to Gerrish's Island, a place invested with more or less historical and poetical interest. Francis Champernowne's grave is there to arouse the one, and the Thaxter cottage to excite the other. Yonder the road goes straggling on over the hills to Old York, and to fields and pastures new.

THE EARLY HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

"HOME, SWEET HOME"

EASTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE did a great many things in the course of an eventful life, and did them all well; yet the world really remembers him for one thing only—as the author of "Home, Sweet Home." That simple and touching lyric, inspired perhaps in a moment of deepest despondency, the outpouring of a heart wrung by disappointment, by unrequited hopes, the cry of a deeply sensitive soul from out of its inmost depths, finds such sympathetic response in so many other hearts, is so tenderly soothing withal, as to have become not only one of the treasures of the language, but one of its greatest boons to poor suffering humanity.

What else could possibly have inspired such an unfailing interest in that most unpretentious dwelling in which the precocious and bashful lad passed his earliest youth? What else but that talismanic touch upon the hearts of men that can set every secret chord vibrating, could every year draw so many pilgrims merely to gaze upon the dull and senseless wood of a very commonplace old house at East Hampton—the home of John Howard Payne?

In looking at it the words "Be it ever so humble" instantly suggest themselves. In looking at it we are again forcibly reminded of that secret, that unexplained affinity existing between the houses men have lived in and the men themselves—their lives and fortunes. It is as if some eternal law forbade putting the twain asunder. Do what we will we can never rid ourselves of the notion that "*les absens sont*

la." To some extent we do hold communion with their departed spirits.

John Howard Payne was what the world calls a genius: he was more than this; he was a most precocious genius. As inevitably follows, he was flattered, overpraised, caressed to that extent that a much older and wiser head than his might have been turned. The



THE EARLY HOME OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

precocious flower faded before its full maturity. But of what he failed to achieve as actor, author, or critic — fame and fortune — fame at least came to him with the stroke of the pen that wrote "Home, Sweet Home;" and had he been as worldly wise as he was gifted, his fortune would have been made also then and there.

Is the world really any larger than a teacup? Does not the great master wisely say, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"?

Truly, we cannot choose but think so when we find all fashionable London, yes, and unfashionable too, applauding and singing words suggested by the thoughts of this homeliest of old houses, in an obscure spot of a distant land, that no one had ever heard of. Payne sang to this, his own dear old home, as to something most sacred to him. His mind and heart had wandered back to old Long Island's yellow sands, to the village where he had played as a boy. Within a week all London was singing that same refrain of "Home, Sweet Home" for what it appealed to in each separate individual. In every one it awoke the sweetest and purest emotions. You cannot bring together to-day, were it in the most remote corner of earth, any assemblage of English-speaking people who do not know by heart the words of "Home, Sweet Home," or who would not sing it, not all with steady voices, but with greater feeling and unction than any other song in the language. Payne's mortal body long lay in the burning sands of far-away Morocco, and its final return to its native soil was in direct answer to that deathless plea for home. Many is the rude company it has hushed into solemn silence; many the dreary bivouac it has solaced and cheered; many the lump that has risen in the throat as the tremulous notes were wafted from the distant camp to the ears of the solitary sentinel as he paused to listen on his perilous round. Who would not rather have written "Home, Sweet Home" than the blood-stirring "Marsellaise"?

We, too, are a singing people. What has become of all the songs that have enjoyed an ephemeral popularity within every man's recollection? There are songs that belong to particular epochs. "Home, Sweet Home" is for all time. Even our John Brown song has fulfilled its great mission; but what an effect that song had upon the flagging spirits of the soldiers! "Let me write the songs, and I care not who makes the laws," says Béranger. "*Ils chantent, ils payeront*," exclaimed Mazarin triumphantly.

We do not design to reproduce here even the leading incidents of John Howard Payne's well-known career. We do not disguise the

feeling we have that but for "Home, Sweet Home" he would, in spite of his admitted talents, have been long since forgotten, or at best remembered only by his own generation. His greatest, and perhaps most unconscious, effort contained no new or original thought. Home and its associations had been the theme of many who wrote before Payne. There was Goldsmith's fine apostrophe to an old home: —

"In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs, — and God has given my share, —
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last."

Charles Lamb, the gentle Elia, who could hardly be drawn away from his own loved fireside to mix with the great world, has declared in one of his favorite essays that "Home is home, though it is never so homely."

Then there have been others to whom Payne's idea may perhaps have furnished the keynote. Woodworth's "Old Oaken Bucket" achieved instantaneous success and a long life by striking the same chord in a slightly different key. His

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood"

is much like "There's no place like home."

In how many households have we all seen the familiar motto, "Home, Sweet Home," conspicuously placed to catch the eye! It is like a benediction — like the Oriental salutation of "Peace be unto this house!" Some of the most successful plays of the day owe all their popularity to this one idea, or to some simple incident carrying us back to long-forgotten scenes, or reviving slumbering memories. Witness the wonderful success of "The Old Homestead," and other plays of that simple character. Who would have believed that so commonplace an act as that of calling in a cat from out-of-doors would have "brought down the house" as it does in "The County Fair?"

East Hampton consists of one long and broad street bordered with well-grown trees. The street is, in fact, of such a generous breadth that the roadway takes up but a span of it, the rest being left to grow grass, on which the geese strut and scream out lustily at the stranger's approach. It is more like a village green than a street. The place, having been originally settled by New Englanders, is, to all intents, strictly a New England town, retaining, thanks to its isolation, much of the flavor of its old life. One frequently runs up against some well-known name, or hears some delightfully archaic word let slip with all the artless confidence of long usage. A search for the Payne homestead soon revealed the suggestive fact that more than one house in the village contended for the honor of being the actor-poet's legitimate birthplace. The old lady in "specs" and close cap, who peered doubtfully at me through the half-opened door, remarked absently that she had "heerd the house was consider'bly evaporated."

"By fire, ma'am?" I ventured to suggest after a moment's reflection.

"Oh, no," she replied: "it hain't burned down, as I knows on. It's all gone to wrack and ruin, so they say."

It then dawned upon me that she had meant to say that the house was much dilapidated.

The village was laid out somewhat after the French manner, with farms running off from the great street toward the seashore on one side, and on the other stretching back toward the bay. It is pitched upon ground originally belonging to the powerful Montauk tribe, with whom the English settlers very wisely established an era of enduring good feeling by fair dealing and considerate treatment, so that peace and good will continued to subsist between them to the last. It was well that these white men chose to act up to the Christian rule of "Live and let live," rather than to adopt for their guidance the unrelenting one that where the two races come in contact one must be hammer and the other anvil; other-

wise East Hampton might have its record of bloodshed to show instead of its more uneventful one. We are right glad of this, because a different story would infallibly tend to disturb, if not extinguish altogether, that delightful atmosphere of harmony with which its every nook and corner seems filled to overflowing. The benison of "Home, Sweet Home" seems to have descended upon every house in the village. Before we know it the burden of that melodious refrain is running through our own head. We find ourself humming it. We are in quite the proper frame of mind to approach the home which gave to John Howard Payne the one idea that made him famous, and in return for which the poet has made East Hampton immortal.

Very homely indeed is the gray old cottage that is pointed out to you. Its hooded front-door, its shingled walls, which are again become the fashion, its big brick chimney, stalwart and strong, belong to hundreds of other houses, in a hundred other villages. Happily, the noiseless footstep of time has passed over it, and left it only a little more grizzled than when Payne's young feet pattered in and out over the well-worn threshold. Upon going inside we find everything as plain as plain can be. There are the same worn floors and stairways; there is the same monster fireplace in the kitchen, besmeared with a back of velvety soot, where the boy Payne so often sat and watched the antics of the flames, while he was painting pictures and dreaming the dreams of youth. Did he ever imagine that the day would come when he should bitterly put aside "that false money" reputation as a worthless thing, and sigh for the simple pleasures of youth he had once tasted here?

The house itself is our best assurance that the sentiment of "Home, Sweet Home" had no luxurious background. There is no false note in it.

As Charles Lamb has so truly said, "Nothing fills a child's mind like an old mansion." Young Payne's must have been unusually receptive to such impressions. And then we are, moreover, so

glad to think that his boyhood's home must have been a happy one; because with every turn of an adverse fortune, like a ship beaten out of her course, his mind always turns back to this antiquated homestead, as to the road and haven where all is calm, and the still waters flow peacefully on.

I have seen and talked with people who knew Payne quite intimately. One person told me of an incident in Payne's career that I do not think has ever got into print. He said that at one time the versatile actor and author became deeply interested in the study of Indian manners and customs; so much so, indeed, that he made a long journey to Georgia for the purpose of getting first-hand information. His eccentric appearance or conduct or both gave rise to suspicions that he was tampering with the Cherokees, among whom he was, for the time, a visitor. At any rate, Payne was arrested by the Georgia authorities, and held a prisoner by them until he could give a satisfactory account of himself, when he was set at liberty.

Another gentleman related that after Payne's father removed to Boston, which he did when young John Howard was in his twelfth year, the lad developed his first passion for the stage, often visiting "Old Federal Street" in company with my informant. In common parlance, he became stage-struck. At this time Payne organized a number of boys of his own age into a military company, called the Federal Band, of which Payne was the captain and animating spirit. The company wore a neat uniform of its own, though it was compelled to appear on parade with borrowed muskets. "Payne," said my friend, who was then over eighty, "had an ambition to be a soldier; we boys all thought him destined to be a second Bonaparte at least. You ought to have seen us when, with Payne marching at our head, we turned out along with the regular militia of the city. I tell you, the streets of Boston weren't big enough for us."

To tear down that old house would be almost a sacrilege. None feel so deeply what the word home means as the homeless.

We raise monuments to all the virtues; let us keep this one sacred to that little heaven upon earth which shines out through the gloom of so many darkened lives, like a beacon light. God bless all our homes! To every father and mother there is a lesson taught here to make home a happy one for their children; to make it so attractive that there will be no place like it, rather than none to be so eagerly shunned; to cultivate the domestic virtues; to instil a knowledge and love for what all men instinctively turn to in the dark hour of trial or misfortune. A benison upon this old house! We feel that we have not come in vain to renew its hallowed memories. True, there is little enough to be said of it; yet we have seen it and are content. John Howard Payne is not dead. So long as "Home, Sweet Home" shall be sung, his will be an ever-living presence. There is indeed

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

THE OLD INDIAN HOUSE

DEERFIELD, MASS.

A MASTER of description has said that "There are places about which one forms for himself, upon a name more or less sonorous, a certain fixed idea." It is a fact that our imagination goes before us to show us the way, sometimes to play us strange tricks, sometimes to the increase of our delight a hundredfold. With only this one uncertain guide, nothing more, — for I had in this instance resolutely refused to look at either books of travel or gazetteers, — I sought my idea, my picture rather, in the simple name of Deerfield, with its ready suggestion of some sheltered and romantic nook to which those timorous denizens of the forest wilds regularly came down to feed upon the sweetest grasses or browse upon the most tender shoots. I pleased myself much with the thought that some adventurous hunter had first seen it thus from some neighboring height; that

"The native burghers of this desert city,"

to whom the report of the death-dealing rifle was as yet unknown, had indeed bequeathed it its name of peace.

Now let me try to describe the reality as I saw it on one of those soft, sunny days of early spring, when leaves are first green. The train had left me at Greenfield, that incomparable village so luxuriously stretched out upon its mountain terrace, from which, like a Sybarite, it overlooks the valley of the Connecticut far down to the deep cleft between Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, which stand there like two giants guarding a pass.

The sight was one to delight even the most jaded traveller; so I cannot tell how long I stood there looking at it in charmed

silence. At last it came to me that this was not my valley. In truth, my imagination had so far cheated me that the half had not been told. Surely this must be some little corner of Eden left here below just to show man how surpassing fair the antique world had been before his fall. Before me opened a great oval basin between oblique mountain walls, one side all light, the other all shadow, their feet buried in the valley, their gray heads reclining upon the breasts of loftier heights behind. Everywhere a light vesture of grayish-green, so thin as to seem almost transparent, was stealing up toward the summits. These patriarchs had the appearance of being seated in their chairs of granite, facing toward each other, gravely and silently watching the passing of one race of men after another, as we might a procession of laborious ants.

Beneath me, like a tessellated floor, lay long miles of beautiful prairie land, warm with vivid yellow tints, as if streaked with patches of sunshine, through which, now here now there, came the gleam and sparkle of a winding river. That should be the Deerfield, just come down out of the mountains at my right, and slackening its pace on entering this great audience hall of nature. The Connecticut runs invisible at your left, along the bases of the hills, as if seeking an outlet there, but finding none. Nearest me, down in the valley, I saw what seemed an extensive and luxuriant grove growing in the midst of this prairie. Above this grove was thrust one solitary white spire, straight, stiff, and pointed, like the spike on a grenadier's helmet; and, on looking closer, the glimmer of white walls showed here and there among the thick-set trees, like a brood of chickens peeping out from under their mother's protecting wings. They told me that was Old Deerfield.

And so on, as far as the eye can reach, the valley is strewn with villages. Farms succeed farms. Nature has been lavish, man prosperous. Why it was that fate should have driven one race out of this Eden to admit another, who knew it not, is not given us to know; but we do understand (and are reminded of the slothful

servant in the parable) that the native Indian could never have brought about what we now see.

In a few minutes more, so short is the distance, I alighted from the train at Old Deerfield Station and walked down the hill into the village. It has that neat and thrifty look common to all our New England villages. Its principal and only street I found completely embowered beneath the overarching branches of a double rank of magnificent elms, so that one walked up and down in a beautiful arcade of living green. This was my grove; and this tall church-steeple my spike. As for those elms, they deserve to be celebrated by some disciple of Tom Hood. I renounce the attempt in advance.

In company with the Hon. George Sheldon, who is the depository of all the local traditions, I visited all the places of historic interest, both in and out of the village. I first asked to be shown the spot where the old Sheldon house, or as it is still familiarly called, the "Old Indian House," had formerly stood. The building itself was torn down in the year 1848 by its owner, on account of its alleged unfitness for further occupancy. It was then supposed to be something like one hundred and seventy years old. Here is its history:—

Those hardy pioneers who first pitched their lonely cabins still farther down this valley were not long in discovering it to be the garden spot of New England. At this time it was well peopled by the native inhabitants, who extended to the new-comers a hospitable welcome. As step by step the white men ascended its course, sowing in their march the seeds of hamlets and villages, no other spot seemed to offer such manifold advantages as this one, where the junction of the lesser stream with the greater river marked out at once a geographical boundary, a strategic position, and a natural line of defence.

Accordingly, a band of stout yeomen from eastern Massachusetts settled here in the year 1670. For a few years they lived

side by side with their more numerous and more savage neighbors in apparent harmony and good will. The Indians had their village, the white men theirs. The Indians hunted and fished much, but sowed little; the white men ploughed, sowed, and reaped like their fathers. At length the uprising of Philip of Pokanoket cast a fire-brand among these Indians. Philip's emissaries had long been busy among them. Presently they grew sullen, moody, watchful. Then the whites attempted to disarm them. They resisted. This was the



THE OLD INDIAN HOUSE, DEERFIELD, MASS.

signal for that series of bloody encounters which laid waste the whole valley. Deerfield was depopulated. The Indians fought like fiends incarnate; the settlers fought for their lives.

In the end the settlers remained the masters. The struggle rolled away from the desolated valley, leaving its traces on every hand. Once more the decimated white men gathered about their broken hearthstones. With a courage that commands our admiration they set about rebuilding their homes. Taking counsel of

their dear-bought experience, they surrounded their little village with a stout stockade, kept watch and ward, concerted signals with their neighbors, kept their trusty muskets loaded and primed, and in all things behaved like men who knew and realized that their lonely outpost was most truly the post of danger.

Time wore on uneventfully. The remembrance of past horrors was fast being effaced. The village grew and prospered apace. It must have been during this interval of peace that the Sheldon house was built. It stood close by the side of the little village church, whose bell was never silent of a Sabbath morn. Perhaps it was the largest house in the village. At any rate, it was of unusual size and strength. Its second story projected out over the first, after the manner of many of the houses of this early time. The frame was hewed out of stout timber; the walls between joists were filled in with bricks. When the family retired at night doors and windows would be fast bolted and barred. Captain Sheldon and his wife slept in the east room, on the lower floor, while his son and his son's wife occupied the long chamber up-stairs, which ran the whole length of the house.

King William's War broke out fiercely, and with it came that horrible massacre at Schenectady which ought, it would seem, to have opened the eyes of people situated like those of Deerfield to their own danger. The situation of these two places as respects their complete isolation was almost precisely similar. Their history was destined to be as like as two leaves taken from the same book.

After a short cessation, hostilities again broke out in Queen Anne's time, and again the frontier settlements were warned to be on their guard. In the Old Country it was France against England; in the New World it was colonist against colonist. Canada was the arsenal whence numerous war-parties were launched on their murderous inroads against our exposed frontiers. The long distance stretching out between precluded the possibility of timely

warning being given. Often the deadly blow fell unheralded. All, therefore, that the frontiersmen could do was to put their little village in the best state of defence possible, post their sentinels, keep their powder dry, and exercise the most sleepless vigilance. And that was exactly what the infatuated inhabitants of Deerfield did not do.

While the settlers were thus resting in the most profound security, all unknown to them the governor of Canada was setting on foot one of his murderous expeditions against them. The historian Charlevoix says it consisted of two hundred and fifty men, commanded by one De Rouville; but other writers place the number at a much higher figure. Probably the Jesuit historian left out of account the Indians who joined De Rouville later. It was a frightful march to look forward to. Notwithstanding the deep repugnance we feel toward the actors in this abominable tragedy, it is impossible to withhold our admiration for the warlike hardihood that prompted it. If the destroying angel had followed in their footsteps, instead of leading their van, we should find it hard to repress an emotion of gratitude; but divested of all its horrors, it must stand as an example of what men will do and dare even in the worst of causes.

The march had, of course, to be performed on snow-shoes. Those accustomed to brave the rigors of a northern winter need not be told that it was long and painful. At each halting-place, sheltered from the cutting blasts by burying themselves in the depths of the forest, these hardy rangers would scrape out shallow burrows in the snow, in which they lay down, wrapped in their blankets, until called up to resume their march. A few dead boughs, hastily gathered, smouldered at their feet. The bearded Canadian and painted savage shared this wretched bivouac together. Over hill and mountain, across forest and vale, they came steadily on. One would have said that the thirst for vengeance kept their blood warm.

The winter of 1703-04 was so cold that all the streams watering this valley were early frozen over, with the exception of Green River,

which has a rapid current. A war-party could, therefore, as easily cross these rivers on the ice as on dry land. There had also been an unusual fall of snow, which had drifted up against the palisades of the fort, at the exposed north side, in so many places that each big drift was an open postern, so that the village could be entered with all ease. These sinister conditions would seem to have called for redoubled vigilance, yet they seem to have passed unregarded. The ground enclosed within the stockade amounted in all to about twenty acres, with perhaps twice that number of houses separated by garden-plots, more or less extensive. The Sheldon house was situated near the north-west angle, where the snow lay deepest. Besides the regular inhabitants some twenty enlisted soldiers of the colony were quartered among the different houses, which they were to aid in defending, in case of an attack, while ordinarily furnishing sentinels by day and night.

At the same hour when the mothers of Deerfield were hushing their little children to sleep, little dreaming they were lulling them to that slumber which knows no waking, De Rouville was going into camp, in the concealment of a pine wood only two miles north of the village. From this point he would have first to cross the Deerfield,—an easy thing to do on the ice,—and next to advance for a long distance over the open plain, at the risk of being discovered sooner or later by the sentinels on the walls.

Not daring to light fires, the invaders shivered through the intervening hours. Finding all quiet, De Rouville aroused his men shortly after midnight for the assault. Like shadows they stole out of the darkness of the woods. As the crust was now strong enough to bear them up, they left their snow-shoes behind them, marching, however, with the utmost caution, and halting frequently to listen. It was needless. All was quiet. The faithless guards, in their turn, had left their posts at almost the same moment that the enemy had left his encampment. It was as if the unsuspecting victims had been delivered into the assassins' hands, both gagged and bound.

Early in the morning of Tuesday, the 29th of February, 1703-04, a day long to be remembered in the annals of Deerfield, in the gray darkness that precedes the dawn, the head of De Rouville's column reached the fort unperceived and unchallenged. The village inside lay wrapped in the most profound quiet. Easily mounting over the snowdrifts, the assailants had only to drop down on the other side until all were collected within the fort. They then rushed on to the assault.

Scattering themselves about in small parties, so as to cut off escape from one house to another, the wretches began a simultaneous onslaught upon each house. While one or two hacked away at the doors with their hatchets, the rest stood with cocked guns ready to shoot down the first of the inmates who should show himself. The very first warning that the terrified citizens had of what was upon them came from the storm of blows raining down upon their doors, and the frightful outcries with which the assailants accompanied their destructive work.

In five minutes an indescribable uproar raged throughout the village.

One of these bands assaulted the Rev. Mr. Williams's house, and another that of his neighbor, Captain Sheldon. Well for him the Captain himself was not at home; but his wife was, and she, poor soul, was startled from her sleep by that unearthly din at her door, which, fortunately, being thick and strongly barred, stoutly resisted every attempt to force it open. Rendered furious at being stopped by a door, the assailants then set to work upon it with their tomahawks to see if they could not split it open in that way. Though the house is gone, the door remains to this day to attest the fury of the blows dealt it at that moment. A hole was soon hacked large enough to admit the muzzle of a musket. The assailants peered through it. Some one was seen stirring in the right-hand lower room. Instantly a musket was thrust in and fired. The bullet struck poor Mrs. Sheldon as she was in the act of rising from her bed, and she fell back upon it a corpse.

Meantime the son and wife up-stairs were also awakened by the tumult, and must have heard the fatal shot below. Realizing their peril, they took the only way of escape open to them by throwing open the window of their chamber, and jumping from it to the ground beneath. Sheldon fell on his feet without sustaining any hurt, and ran for the nearest woods, which he fortunately gained in safety. The woman was less fortunate. Her ankle was sprained by the fall, so that, being rendered helpless, the marauders soon laid hands upon her. The husband kept on to the next settlement below, where he gave the alarm.

Having by this time gained an entrance to the house, the assailants converted it into a depot for the reception of their numerous prisoners. All the rest, except one, were set on fire, and were fast being reduced to ashes along with the ghastly evidences of the morning's bloody work, which the butchers thus left the flames and the wolves to complete. Forty-seven dead bodies were left on this funeral pyre; one hundred and twelve persons were marched off captives. Woe to those who should lag behind!

Charlevoix says that the marauders lost only three Frenchmen and a few savages (as if their loss were a matter of too small account to give numbers), but he adds that De Rouville himself was wounded. Others place the loss at thirty men.

All the resistance met with here seems to have come from the one house just mentioned, which only seven brave men successfully defended against all comers. Rev. Mr. Williams, one of those taken, relates how a chief who had led the assault upon his house was instantly killed by a shot from this one, which he says stood next to his own. Had there been half a dozen like it, there might have been a far different story to tell.

The alarm, however, spread to the scattered farms below, from which a number of settlers hurried to the burning village, eager to avenge the slaughter of their friends and kindred. They were in time to drive out a few stragglers who had stayed behind plunder-

ing, after the main body had moved off toward the river with their prisoners and booty. Upon hearing the firing, De Rouville turned back to the assistance of his laggards; and a lively skirmish ensued between him and the settlers who had advanced beyond the village, but were now obliged to fall back again. De Rouville then resumed his retreat in a leisurely manner toward Canada.

The French historian treats this sacking of Deerfield as if it was some great and glorious exploit. We must confess that we see very little more heroism in it than we would in the descent of a pack of famishing wolves upon a sheepfold. To make these creeping miscreants appear in any other light than that of so many midnight assassins is to turn honorable warfare into a mockery. He says exultantly and truly that a great many people were killed. That fact is incontestable. They were killed either in their beds or at the moment of jumping out of them half dazed and wholly defenceless. In this plight they were knocked on the head one after another, until every house was a shambles. What else is this but downright butchery? We have nothing to say against the savages, except that they were savages; but in those Frenchmen who formed two-thirds of the attacking force we recognize that same *fureur de sang*, that same taint of wolfish ferocity, as in the savage. Whether innocent blood ran unchecked under a De Rouville or against the plighted faith of a Montcalm, it is the same hideous story from beginning to end; everywhere rises in our ears the same terrible slogan of "Kill! kill!" which has re-echoed from St. Bartholomew to the Terror, and from the Terror to the Commune. At Deerfield none were spared until this brutal thirst for blood had first been fully glutted. To call De Rouville's band soldiers were a libel upon the name. Let us call them common cut-throats.

Voltaire says that Frenchmen are not tigers, but monkeys. We have our own ideas on that head.

THE OLD GOTHIC HOUSE

RAYNHAM, MASS.

THIS very quaint specimen of the homes of our fathers—a veritable house of seven gables it is too—long ago obtained a factitious celebrity through the misdirected assiduity of the early historian of Raynham, the Rev. Peres Fobes. That gentleman having claimed for it an age going far back of Philip's War, proceeded, out of hand, to connect it with a series of blood-curdling incidents of that war, notwithstanding the vane affixed to the eastern gable of the house bore on its honest face the plain date of the year 1700, thus giving to the story what our worthy friend Touchstone would have called the lie direct.

This false glamour surrounding it for so many generations, certainly through no fault of its own, converted the house in the eyes of all who passed it into a veritable chamber of horrors. Its memories evoked either a shrug or a shudder. Its traditions were perpetuated with the most religious exactness from father to son. Listen to one or two of the specific facts set forth by the reverend narrator:—

“In the cellar under this house was deposited, for a considerable length of time, the head of King Philip; for it seems that even Philip himself shared the fate of kings: he was decollated, and his head carried about and shown as a curiosity by one Alderman, the Indian who shot him.”

And again, in the same convincing vein: “Under the doorsteps of the same building now lie buried the bones of two unfortunate young women who in their flight here were shot down by the Indians, and their blood was seen to run quite across the road.”

These thrilling tales did not lack for a certain air of probability. All our little world, at least, has heard of King Philip, that redoubted avenger of his race who chose death before dishonor; and many of us have also heard of the Leonards of Taunton, who are so intimately associated with this spot of ground, and who, moreover, have so often been described to us as having gained the fast



RUINS OF THE LEONARD FORGE, RAYNHAM, MASS.

friendship of that mighty chieftain — a friendship formed by his making the forge a halting-place as he passed up and down between Mount Hope, where he lived, and the Fowling Pond, a mile or so beyond the forge, where he came to shoot ducks, geese, and brant once or twice every year. We may remark in passing that even presidents of the United States are not averse to seeking relaxation from official cares in this way.

On these occasions the master of the forge had always treated Philip like a man and a brother, as it was certainly quite for his interest to do ; nor did the so-called barbarian forget to repay kindness with kindness when the outstanding debt fell due.

So far certainly the old story is plausible enough. But through the persistent and intelligent research of Mr. Elisha C. Leonard, himself one of the old stock, we now know the exact truth about that Gothic House—that, in short, it did not go much farther back than the date assigned to it on the vane. All the old cobwebs have been swept away, and the situation completely renovated and restored. Not only did the local historian efface all the gory traditions attaching to it with unsparing hand, but, in the spirit of that excellent maxim which declares that “nothing is settled that is not settled right,” he has given us the true story complete in all its parts and in all its simplicity.

The simple fact is, that one house had been taken for another. In destroying an illusion, incrusting by the lapse of years, the conscientious investigator did not fail to put his hand upon the rightful claimant ; that is to say, upon the house built by or for James Leonard, and occupied by him during the sanguinary scenes of King Philip's War. There are so many of these Leonards that we find it difficult to marshal them properly before us without getting them mixed up ; but this James the First is our man for a thousand pounds.

The story of the Taunton Iron Works has been told down to the minutest detail. Something has been added of late through the discovery of a certain old ledger, from which Captain J. W. D. Hall has published some very interesting extracts. These works, or “bloomerie” as they were commonly called, long constituted not only the most important feature of ancient Taunton, but of all the country round ; and from far and wide they were resorted to for the products of their smutty forges. Who can doubt that the big trip-hammers were in themselves objects of never-failing wonder to Philip and his greasy Wampanoags, as they sat and smoked and

watched them by the hour, or that their rude understandings could fail to invest the master of such a tremendous power with something a little beyond the attributes of common men!

Some of the referred-to extracts afford a clear insight of the important part that this "bloomerie" sustained toward the community at large. It not only forged them bar-iron; it was their mint, for it furnished their actual circulating medium. Witness one or two illustrations:—

"TAUNTON, *April 1, 1700.*

"CAPT. LEONARD,—I desire you to give John King credit upon works book for 20 shilling of iron as money.

"Your friend to serve,
"JOHN HALL."

Here is a very curious order from Rev. Samuel Danforth, the fourth minister of Taunton, to pay his "servant mayd" in the accepted circulating medium of the times:—

"TO CAPTAIN THOMAS LEONARD:

"Sr I would pray you to pay Elizabeth Gilbert (my late servant mayd) the sum of thirty shillings in iron at 18 sh. per Cwt. to her or her order— & place it to my account *** pr yr friend and servant

"SAML DANFORTH.

"Dated TANTON, *March 11, 1703-4.*"

Here is one of his business orders: Rev. Mr. Danforth wants iron to buy nails.

"TO CAPT. THOMAS LEONARD, in Tanton:

"Sr I have got Thomas Willis to go to Bridgewater to fetch me some nails from Mr. Mitchell's this night: & pray to let him have 200 of iron to carry with him to pay for them: of which, 100 on acct of Edward Richmond; 5s. worth on acct of Thomas Linkon, son of John Linkon, by virtue of his note herewith sent you: for the remainder I may by yr leave be yr debtor for a while till I have another note from some other to ballance against it: & remain yr obliged

"SAML DANFORTH.

"26 *8mo.*, 1702."

All we can say is, that specie must have been a scarce commodity indeed, when people had to resort to such shifts and turns

in order to carry on the common every-day affairs of life. Yet, so far as we can judge, it does not seem to have involved any particular hardship. But what would the smart "servant mayde" of to-day think at being tendered her weekly wages in a lump of iron bigger than she could lift! For these people it most assuredly was an iron age.

When they hoisted the great water-gate, the loud and monotonous thud, thud, of the ponderous trip-hammers could be distinctly heard for miles around. In my boyhood days I have often listened to the sound, on a still day, in the adjoining town of Middleborough. To the farmers of those days it grew to be like the voice of an old friend. Far different, however, was the ear-piercing scream of the intrusive locomotive, which set all his teeth on edge, his creatures to scampering about their pastures in affright, and all the village dogs to howling in concert.

The first steps toward setting up these works were taken as early as the year 1652, but it was four years later before they were in working order for the manufacture of iron. Their location here in the first place was owing to the finding of abundance of bog-iron ore in the neighboring ponds and swamps, from which, in fact, the forge was supplied for eighty years or more. The site is on the great country highway, over which all the travel then passed between Taunton and Raynham Centre, which once formed part of Old Taunton. After many ups and downs, last of which was their conversion into an anchor forge, the works were finally stopped in 1865, after a continuous life of more than two hundred years. For eighteen years more they lay idle. The old work-sheds were then demolished; so that when I saw it last the cumbrous old trip-hammers, the dam, and the foundation walls, alone remained of the once famous Leonard Forge.

It were well if the ruthless hand of demolition had stopped here.

On the opposite side of the highway, over against the forge, on an island formed by the mill-stream and waste-way, there was stand-

ing till within a few years a very ancient one-story, gambrel-roofed house. It had been long abandoned as unfit for further occupancy. One entered through a little porch in front, and there was a lean-to at the back. "Such a looking house!" was the common exclamation of every passer-by. It had been gutted, the window-sashes removed or demolished, leaving the floors littered with nameless rubbish. Fit tenement for owls or bats, it had become an eye-sore, a wayside pauper, a ready-made butt for all the shafts of cheap ridicule or inconsiderate epithets, usually rounded off with the savage exclamation of "Why don't they tear it down?"

Such was its condition when I visited it. The sight was not a pleasant one to look at. Now and then a stray sunbeam struggled through the lowering sky into the room, to be followed by deeper shadows that filled its every nook and corner with gloom. They came and went like silent mourners taking their last look at the departed. I hope some day to see its monument erected. It is a pleasant spot, overhung by trees. The clear brook, which of yore turned the groaning mill-wheel, glides swiftly beneath a rustic bridge ere it tumbles over the dam below. Strange perversity that in this busy New England of ours, a spot once full of the joyous bustle of life and labor should have thus reverted to its original solitude!

Yet, beyond reasonable question, this same sorry-looking wreck was the identical building first erected for the occupation of the master-workman and his mates, in the small beginnings at the forge. At that time it probably passed for a very good sort of a house. It certainly fulfilled all wants. James Leonard himself was only a salaried employee. Nothing was so scarce as money. Economy, therefore, ruled in every branch of outlay. With such limited means at their command, the energies of the projectors were necessarily directed to getting their works going first of all. That done, better things would, no doubt, come in good time. And so they did.

We accept, then, without qualification, the deduction that this house must have been the one in which King Philip was enter-

tained in his passage to and fro; that it was the one taken under his protection at the breaking-out of hostilities; that consequently it was the same one to which the affrighted settlers fled for protection when Philip's human bloodhounds were following close on their track; and, if we are to believe tradition, it was the place where the gory head of the great Wampanoag long lay concealed after being neatly severed from the trunk.

In this mean-looking house, with that of Thomas Leonard, the eldest son of James, which stood on the south side of the road, and the forge building just beyond, soldiers were kept while the war lasted. So long as that continued the forge assumed the character of an outpost. The three buildings completely commanded the road as well as each other, so that here was a natural rallying-point for the hard-pressed settlers of the neighborhood. It was strongly desired by those who knew its history that this precious relic of that deadly struggle which had solved the question whether New England should be heathen or Christian, pagan or civilized, should be spared the ravages of improvement as it had been those of time. This hope was, however, not destined to be fulfilled. The old house was demolished soon after I visited it; and with its disappearance not only Raynham and Taunton, but the whole country, has lost one of its treasures.

Of the Gothic House, which we have described as belonging to a later period, little is to be said except that it belonged to a very quaint and picturesque style of architecture, which we should much like to see reproduced in some of the buildings of our own day. The late Mr. Hawthorne was able to invest his "House of Seven Gables" with almost human attributes; so much so indeed that the old dwelling itself seemed a living presence to us. Certainly the houses men have lived in do bring us closer to their lives than all other means put together. They are no longer the phantoms of our imagination. We see them in their very habits "as they lived."

The Leonard house with the peaked gables stood on the west

side of the Fowling Pond road, about two hundred yards from the forge; was of two stories, and fronted toward the south, with the end toward the road. Its owner and builder was Captain James Leonard, the Second, son of the original master of the forges. In course of time it became the property of Zephaniah Leonard, the grandson of this James, who, it is said, did not fail to keep up the traditions of the mansion for hospitality and good cheer. Nobody occupies precisely the same position in society nowadays as the men of that generation did in their time. In his immediate sphere Zephaniah Leonard was the great man — the autocrat, in short — of his day. He was major of the county regiment, and captain of the cavalry attached to it. Later on he was made a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he continued to hold until his death in 1766. By a somewhat remarkable coincidence his wife died on the same day with himself, so that husband and wife were buried in one grave together. Dying intestate, according to a custom common enough in that day, and not yet extinct in some parts of the country, the homestead itself was divided between his two sons, from whom it descended through two generations more of Leonards down to 1850, when, in consequence of its dilapidated condition, it was pulled down, after standing one hundred and fifty years, or from the reign of Queen Anne to that of Victoria, and after having sheltered five generations of the same family.

Our notice of the Leonards of ancient Taunton closes as it began with a reference to the Rev. Peres Fobes, minister of Raynham, who, I know not how, easily mistook one house for another. Another mistake of his will not, I imagine, be so easily forgiven, or so soon forgotten. It was a custom when any person of distinction in the community had died to apply to the minister for an epitaph. Who should better know all the qualities of his parishioners? who so well the exact line of Scripture fit to hit the case? Upon the decease of Major Zephaniah and his wife their pastor, Rev. Mr. Fobes, composed their epitaph, into which some

traces of an old family feud are thought to have crept, either inadvertently, or, as some wits suggested, with irony prepense. Be that as it may, here is the inscription, as originally cut, though one line is now wanting:—

“To dust and silence so much worth consigned
Sheds a sad gloom o’er vanities behind.
Such our pursuits? Proud mortals vainly soar.
See here, the wise, the virtuous are no more.
How mean Ambition! how completely hate;
How dim the tinsel glories of the Great!
Even the Leonards undistinguished fall,
And death and hovering darkness hide us all.”

The disappearance of this one line of the inscription is accounted for in this way. By the descendants of the defunct, who believed they knew how to read between the lines, it was considered more in the light of condemnation than of commendation. Common people saw only its flatness. Accordingly, on one memorable day, a certain moody young man took a hammer and chisel, with which he incontinently erased the objectionable line. So it now appears on the sarcophagus erected over the remains in the Plains Cemetery. All will agree, we think, in characterizing the epitaph, as a whole, as a most labored, turgid affair, even if all should not see in it a timely warning to be careful who shall write our epitaphs.

THE OLD STONE HOUSE

GUILFORD, CONN.

AFTER taking note of the many curious contrasts afforded by the houses themselves, we are infallibly led to Pope's conclusion that

"Honor and fame from no condition rise."

We have seen two presidents of the United States coming out of a very ordinary farmhouse; a general of high military renown from another; a fisherman's son, become a baronet, from another. We have seen some houses made famous by what has happened within their walls; others through the mere caprice of genius, like the Wayside Inn. In short, our sentimental peregrinations have led us among people of all sorts and conditions, into the dust and smoke of battle, and from grave to gay. One more of these patriarchs, and we have done.

The pleasant seashore town of Guilford, Connecticut, is yet another example of the way in which advancing civilization followed close in the retreating footsteps of an absolutely lethargic and unprogressive barbarism. Galileo's memorable declaration that the world moves may be as truly applied to the course of events as to the turnings of our globe. And the destruction of whole races of men for the benefit of others better endowed for the great work of pushing forward progress into the uttermost parts of the earth, cruel as it seems, is the distinct philosophy of all human history.

Although the country lying on the west of the Connecticut did not belong to the Pequots, they held the local tribes in a sort of vassalage by the fear of their prowess in war. These Mohawks of

New England were, therefore, the first obstacle in the way of the whites. Whoever vanquished them would more than inherit their mastery over the detached and weaker tribes over whom that nation had so long lorded it with iron hand.

When, therefore, those fierce and intractable Pequots who survived the edge of the sword abandoned in dismay the lands they also had once wrested from weaker tribes, the victorious whites, weary of slaughter, fully believed themselves the chosen instruments of Divine wrath in freeing the land of such idolatrous hordes; nor in word or deed do they ever evince the least prick of conscience at having performed the work thoroughly well. It was the philosophy of that century; it has been the philosophy of our own.

Then began the more Christian work of planting villages, of welding together infant communities, of replenishing the desolated land with inhabitants, of establishing the new Messiah of peace and good will, even though its coming had been announced by the sword. Humanity may weep over the crimes committed in its name, but would the world to-day be willing to go back to the old order of things?

Guilford was the early blossom of that ferocious Pequot War. The savages had begun it by waylaying, murdering, and torturing the scattered English. The English finished it by roasting the Pequots alive in the flames of their own villages. To this day one of the headlands of Guilford commemorates an incident of that war. The story goes that some fugitive Pequots, flying to this place for security, were hemmed in by their pursuers. Right well they knew what their portion would be. Taken in a trap, after making heroic efforts to escape, resigned but defiant still, the Pequots submitted to their fate with all the stoicism of their race. An Indian never whimpered when the axe was raised to strike. At that supreme moment he was no longer a barbarian, but a man. A redeeming heroism exalted his last moments. He looked his executioner in the eye without flinching. Mononotto, the Pequot chief, had his



skull split at a stroke. The Mohegans struck off his head and set it up in the forks of a branching oak, from which circumstance the place thenceforward took the name of Sachem's Head.

The Indian name of Guilford was Menuncatuc.

The way being thus cleared, it was not long before the whites began to flock into what subsequently became New Haven Colony, — a self-made colony, if we may use the term, since it was wholly the work of the governed; for charter they had none, organic law none. These were chiefly new emigrants for whom the opening up of new territory had the same alluring charm as it has ever had since the world began. To Menuncatuc about forty people from Kent, Suffolk, and Surrey, in England, accordingly came in the year 1639; their final choice of this spot being determined, it is said, by its marked resemblance to the old home across the water. Our conception of the Puritan broadens as we find him thus in touch with human sympathy. Yet it is by no means a new thing to find this revivifying sentiment alive and active among the original emigrants. It was transplanted from the old England to the New; it has been transplanted from bleak New England all the way to the Pacific.

These settlers (and it will never do to pass over with a shrug forces so distinctly operative in directing the very acts of men) honorably purchased the lands of the natives, merely stipulating that the late owners should immediately remove from them. The act, severely practical and commonplace as it may seem, may, nevertheless, be construed into a feeling of lingering distrust toward the red man. They would buy with him, sell with him, but of his company they would fain be rid. We cannot blame them. It is fair to presume that all New England was still talking of the war and its horrors.

We like to think about people who had taken such a distinct forward step — of what they fancied they were going to do with the full and entire liberty they carried with them in their wise heads.

Why was not the phonograph then invented to transmit to us their conversations? How earnestly they must have talked it all over until drowsiness put its spell upon their tongues, prayed over it, slept upon it, perhaps dreamed about it! Usually the English colonist, bound by old forms, exploded traditions, hereditary submission, and what not, could not be made to stir a step until he had first encumbered himself with all the wordy and generally meaningless formalities of a sheepskin duly signed and sealed. In fact, he was the slave of forms. These Guilfordites were as free as the Indians whom they had just bought out. While building their poor cabins, they were also contriving air-castles out of their cherished theories of self-government. It required no little fortitude, considerable confidence in themselves, not to forget an undeviating reliance in the Guiding Hand, to enter upon the experiment at all. But these enthusiasts felt no fear; their world was all before them, and they were filled with the youthful desire to carve out their fortunes for themselves.

Of this united brotherhood of choice spirits were the Rev. Henry Whitfield, "that gracious and faithful pastor;" Samuel Desborough, his son-in-law, afterwards Lord Keeper of Scotland; William Leete, afterwards governor of New Haven Colony; and John Hoadley, who subsequently held the post of Chaplain of the Castle of Edinburgh, presumably through his friend Desborough's influence. In respect of ability this was no ordinary combination of men. All were young, all full of life and hope and energy, of zeal and determination to make their mark on the wilderness in which they had cast their lot.

Having taken up ground outside of existing charter limits, these settlers were now wholly thrown upon their own resources as respects their organic law. They therefore fell back upon the great moral law of all Christian men. In this way the Scriptures became their fundamental law, of which the pastor was, of course, the admitted expounder. In its first estate Guilford, therefore, stands for a unit of self-government, under strictly ecclesiastical forms.

Rude lives these pioneers must have led at first! Scant living and hard beds must have been their lot! Work began with the first glimmer of dawn, and ended only when the red sun sank behind the darkening hills in the west. Then, stretched out on the bare ground in their cloaks, under the stars, the tired toilers fell into the deep sleep that waits on honest labor, to wander away into the land of dreams. One for all, all for one; this was their true federation of love and labor.

The minister's comfortable housing seems to have been one of the first things looked to. At any rate, we find these settlers almost immediately setting about building him a house,—a house of stone. Notwithstanding their friendly arrangement with the native owners, says the tradition (and we are more than half inclined to believe it true), the settlers thought it only the part of prudence to build at least one house which should be so constructed as to serve at need both as castle and fortress. It certainly explains why so much time and labor should be expended on a stone house when, on most grounds, one of wood was to be preferred.

We might follow those first-comers in their perambulations about in search of a site for their principal house; observe their animated pointings hither and thither; listen to the *pros* and *cons* with which the advantages of this or that spot were discussed; see them thoughtfully leaning on the muzzles of their muskets; but most assuredly come with them to the safe conclusion at last, that the little rising-ground situated at the head of the great plain was, on the whole, the spot of all others.

So to work all went with a will. There must have been clever artisans among them, as the undertaking was no common one for those primitive days. To begin with, the rough stone lay at quite a distance from the chosen site. We are told that while some toiled with sledge and bar at getting out the stone at the quarry, others trudged to and fro with the hand barrows. So, counting those who were employed in mixing the mortar, or in laying up the

walls, about all the able-bodied men present must have put in more or less labor on the building. That the work was well done we know. The minister himself was a scholar, refined, delicately reared, unaccustomed to labor with his hands; yet for all that we think it would be safe to wager something that he did not stand idle while others worked, but was as busy as the busiest. When every man had done his share the house was built.

We do not precisely know either when the house was com-



THE OLD STONE HOUSE, GUILFORD, CONN.

pleted, or when first occupied. It is more likely than not that it was ready for its tenant some time during the year 1640. Such houses are not built in a day. And to think that any vestige of the self-same building should be standing to-day, greatly emphasizes the durable character of the work done so long ago. When we cast a look back and think of its great age, a year or two more or less becomes a small matter indeed.

The Old Stone House (we do not know either just when it began to grow old, or to be affectionately called so) was a solid, substantial, and even comfortable dwelling, as it was meant to be, not

